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THE NATION

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HUAC
FROM PILLORY TO FARCE

FRANK J. DONNER

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Should Harlem 'Secede'?

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LETTERS

the faith of LBJ

Chappaqua, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: Although the confused maneuverings of President Johnson have been intensively scanned by experts, with melancholy consequences for his public standing as shown in the polls, one phase of his activities that has been given little comment is the religious. Yet Mr. Johnson shows a strong predilection for placing himself repeatedly in religious contexts.

Every third or fourth photograph of him, for example, shows him entering, leaving or abiding solemnly in some church, with no particular denomination favored. Again, he has publicly and personally testified to the sustaining power of prayer, and during the campaign of 1964 he called for a joint interdenominational house of prayer to be built in Washington. So eager is he to participate in religious ceremonies that he went far out of his way to travel to Houston, there to hear the Rev. Dr. Billy Graham hold forth on the sanctity of the war in Vietnam.

On the other hand, in the background of the escalation in Vietnam, the Pope has repeatedly called fruitlessly for peace and the World Council of Churches has gone on record against Mr. Johnson's efforts.

A question that raises itself: Is Mr. Johnson by any stretch of definition a religious man and is the Vietnamese struggle a holy war? It is for the theologians obviously a double-barreled question, and it seems to me they would be more fruitfully occupied if they concerned themselves with it rather than with the fanciful issue of whether God is dead or alive. Questions the theologians should be raising, it seems to me, are: Is Mr. Johnson religious? If he is, in what sense is his religious commitment to be understood?

If it should be decided that he is not religious (as compulsive doubters might suspect), are we confronted by still another case of Satan disguising himself as one of the faithful, as Scripture informs us the King of Darkness is likely to do? *Ferdinand Lundberg*

effective protest

New York City

DEAR SIRS: On behalf of the Alexander Defense Committee, I would like to thank you for your protest of the Justice Department order that the ADC register under the Foreign Agents Registration Act [editorial, *The Nation*, July 25]. We have no doubt that the substantial protest registered by leading organizations and individuals helped to influence the Justice Department in its reconsideration of the order. . . .

We know you share our view that the rescinding of the order represents an important victory for civil liberties generally. It was, of course, essential for the committee's effectiveness in raising funds for the persecuted opponents of apartheid.

Robert H. Langston
Executive Secretary

good and bad Indians

Ottawa, Canada

DEAR SIRS: The road to hell is, more often than not, paved with bad intentions. I think that it's a mistake to believe as John McDermott seems to ["Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam"; *The Nation*, July 25] that the present war is the result of myopic benevolence. Eisenhower's statement is, I am certain, well known. Let me, in the context of the recent stepped-up bombings of North Vietnam and the newly contrived justifications of them, quote from it. These remarks were made to

(*Continued on page 187*)

EDITORIALS

The Idiot Logic of Escalation

The war-game theorists who spawned the idea of "escalation" placed a marvelous device in the hands of a strong executive for edging a country into an illimitable war, without the public's fully realizing what is being done to it. The implication of the term is that each step in the intensification of the war is taken deliberately and by calculation —everything is under control. The President periodically assures the country that his objectives are "limited" and pictures himself as a man of peace striving by every means to persuade the enemy to reasonable discussion. This is a sure-fire means of quieting public opinion and keeping the voters on the President's side—for a while at least.

The real mechanics of escalation bears little resemblance to this tranquil picture. Escalation has its own logic, both military and political. Militarily, a positive feedback operates between the two sides; when one escalates the other seeks appropriate means of retaliation. The oscillations thus set up are not completely under the control of either side. Politically, the escalating party must justify the hopes and promises which precede each act of escalation. Earlier this year, when it became obvious that the Ky government would survive for the time being, the President warned that the cost of aggression would be "raised at its source," and began working on Congressmen to support the Haiphong-Hanoi bombing operations which had already been decided on as the next step in escalation. The logic was unanswerable—were the enemy oil depots to remain a privileged sanctuary? By bombing them we could check the infiltration of enemy troops from North Vietnam and relieve the pressure on our protégés in the south. That was in June. Three months later, since that escalation has had no significant effect, another must be put in work. The President is trapped in his own "logic" and must run faster on his own treadmill.

What is the next step to be? New targets can be found in the north, but the history of aerial bombing does not hold out much hope of an end to the war by this means alone. A land invasion of the north which, as Christopher Lasch and Alan B. Spitzer pointed out in *The Nation* (August 16, 1965) was at that time an "unthinkable target," is now quite thinkable.

Even the most oblivious U.S. citizens must feel a twinge of uneasiness at this prospect, and must ask themselves: where is this LBJ leading us, anyway? But they may be asking too late, and they may be looking in the wrong direction for possible enemy reaction. The Chinese may continue to encourage the North Vietnamese to fight the U.S. imperialists without doing any fighting of their own. What the Chinese would like best of all is to embroil their former Soviet ally with the United States. Nor is this a vain surmise: If the fighting moves into North Vietnam, the Soviet Union might, however reluctantly, be forced to begin a new cycle of escalation. Harold J. Berman, one of our foremost authorities on Russian affairs, recently discussed this danger in a letter to *The New York Times*. In May, 1965, he was told in Moscow by "prominent Soviet people" that if we send troops into North Vietnam they will be met by Soviet "volunteers," and if we attempt to bring down the North

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Vietnamese state, Soviet missiles will be launched against our vessels and bases.

The Soviets will have little choice in the matter. President Johnson points out that we have treaties with scores of countries guaranteeing them against a Communist takeover (external or internal, although he does not say it so explicitly). If we fail to protect South Vietnam, how will these other wards evaluate our promises? But the Soviet Union is similarly bound by treaty to defend North Vietnam. A failure to honor its commitment, Berman's informants told him, "would mean a loss of Soviet authority in the entire Communist world . . . since the Soviet Government would be exposed as unwilling to defend a sister Communist government threatened with destruction."

Our armies are already in the demilitarized zone between the two Vietnams. That Washington has been placed on formal notice not once but several times, in Soviet notes which have not been publicized, only underscores the danger of further escalation.

Contempt Breeds Contempt

No level-headed American likes to see a committee of the Congress exposed to rowdyism and disrespect. The right of Congress to investigate is fundamental to the legislative process. But that right is neither absolute nor unlimited and it has been abused by the House Committee on Un-American Activities from its inception. The recent hearings in Washington (see article by Frank J. Donner, p. 174) were a glaring example of what has been increasingly apparent since 1960, namely, that the attitude of the committee toward "unfriendly" witnesses and the very nature of its proceedings, against the background of the Vietnamese war, are bound to lead to contumacious behavior. Either the witnesses swallow their outrage and submit or—especially when they are young—they meet abuse with abuse.

This was true in the historic Berkeley hearings, it was true of the Chicago hearings (see "HUAC in Chicago" by Raymond R. Coffey, *The Nation*, June 14, 1965) and it was conspicuously true of the latest so-called hearings. Escalation is not confined to war, and the HUAC proceedings show an increasing tendency to inspire violence, verbal on the part of uncooperative witnesses and their sympathizers and physical on the part of the battalion of police officers that are a necessary feature of every public HUAC "investigation."

Congress should take note of the fact—to some extent it has done so—that the contempt which HUAC engenders reflects on the entire Congress. HUAC is not a legislative island; it is a creature of the Congress and a far too conspicuous one whenever it gets into action. HUAC's objectives inevitably infringe on the basic rights of citizens and cannot be carried on with normal parliamentary decorum. Alan Barth summed it up aptly in *The Washington Post*: ". . . most of the trouble came from the nature of the inquiry. No part of its purpose was to inquire. The subcommittee in no sense seemed to be seeking information. It was seeking simply to punish some extremely obstreperous young men—by placing them in a public pillory."

There is no cure. Even if the manners of the committee were improved, the basic vice would remain. The entire history of HUAC demonstrates that it cannot be reformed.

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It attracts to its roster personalities who, like Rep. Joe R. Pool, caricature Congress in their own persons. "This spectacle can do the Congress no good," Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen commented, and what revolts Senator Dirksen must be hard for the rest of the country to swallow.

It was probably always unrealistic to urge, as *The Nation* has done times without number, that HUAC and its companion nuisance, the Senate Internal Security Committee, should be abolished. There simply is not that much courage in Congress, nor is there likely to be. But, in self-defense, the Congress should insist that these committees shut up, before things get worse. The general public attitude is no longer as fear-ridden as it was in the fifties, and an increasing body of citizens are bored and annoyed with HUAC and its antics. The committee is now clearly attacking the right to dissent and to criticize foreign policy in an unpopular war. A part of the younger generation will not stand for intimidation when their lives and the honor of the country are at stake. They will be heard. Whatever one may think of their manners, one cannot help admiring their courage. And that their judgment is not altogether bad is shown by the changed attitude of the American Civil Liberties Union, which has heretofore hesitated to challenge HUAC directly. "The ACLU has moved from a defensive position to an offensive position in its dealings with the committee," says John Pemberton, its executive director. The unrespectable have moved the respectable to action.

Vote For Peace!

The Nation has tried consistently to keep the "peace candidacies" in perspective—see, for instance, our editorial of last May 9. Peace sentiment as a political issue has been rising steadily since 1958. This year there have been about fifty such candidacies, and they have not fared badly when one considers the inexperience of most of the aspirants and the obstacles in their way. Arthur Waskow suggests that, overall, they have polled something like 30 per cent of the Democratic vote, which is by no means insignificant. And as the situation worsens, more voters will regard peace as the overriding issue.

They will realize, also, that the only way to change policy in Vietnam is to get Mr. Johnson out of the White House. He has been given every chance to change his position and has shown a resolution which, in another context, would be admirable. No one could pursue past errors with more tenacity. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, a few Republicans are beginning to see where their opportunity lies, but the party is not likely to change its position fast enough.

Three peace candidacies are especially to be watched and supported, with money alone when votes cannot go along with money. All three are involved in primary elections which will be held September 13. One is David Frost, now conducting an energetic campaign for the Democratic Senate nomination in New Jersey. Frost's general program is good; he has hammered away unremittingly on a number of key issues—not peace alone but foreign policy in general, inflation, etc. Another peace candidate who deserves support—and has a chance of success—is Seymour Spelman, a Washington, D. C., labor lawyer who is running in the 8th Congressional District in Maryland, a newly created district. With six candidates for the Democratic nomination, and no incumbent, Spelman just might make it. A third leading candidate is Thomas Boylston Adams, who is running for the Democratic nomination for the Senate in Massachusetts. With his family background, Mr. Adams can hardly be accused of lacking patriotism. His approach to the election likewise befits his ancestry. The issue is not, he says, "between me and two other candidates for the Senate whose names will appear on the ballot. The issue is between the people of Massachusetts and the President of the United States. A vote for Adams on September 13 is a vote of no confidence in the present Administration."

That is nothing if not forthright, and it is the only approach that promises to be effective. It may tap the deep undercurrent of distrust of the President. The hope is that, as the peace movement grows, it will force one or the other of the two major parties to become a genuine peace party, or that a new coalition made up of all elements intent on a change in foreign policy will emerge.

The Point of the Deal

President Johnson has repeatedly proved his capacity to perform acts that are petty and sometimes a bit shady. But to assume that he gave his support to the proposed $20 million continuing appropriation for Mohole—the deep-sea-drilling experiment—only because George Brown of the Houston construction firm of Brown & Root, Inc., and members of his family had contributed $25,000 to the President's campaign kitty misses the whole point of the deal.

George and his brother, the late Herman Brown, have been supporting Lyndon Johnson in politics for a quarter of a century. Except for the oil families, the Richardsons and Murchisons, the Browns have always been his biggest contributors, and must have put millions into his campaigns over the years. They were thick—well, thick as rich and powerful Texans are likely to be; and Johnson has done many favors, both secret and publicized, for them in the past. In 1962, he was widely believed to be part of the "politically powerful" interests alluded to by Senator Kuchel as swinging the Mohole cost-plus contract for Brown & Root, although it was not the low bidder and was, in fact, judged by a panel of National Science Foundation experts as the third choice for the job. The contract (profiting B & R by $1.8 million, plus a running fee) was made secretly, as most things of that kind are. Thus Brown & Root was assured of its profit, even if Mohole went down the rathole.

With that kind of working arrangement between the two of them, George Brown's future hardly hung on his contributing a relative pittance to Johnson's war chest, and the reason for Johnson's interest in perpetuating Mohole must be found elsewhere. It had become quite plain that however much "science" benefited from the experiment in drilling a hole through the crust of the earth's mantle the immediate benefits would go especially to Johnson's old friends and supporters in the oil industry. There is thought to be more oil under the oceans than is still to be found on the continents—waiting out there for the day when suitable platforms are developed and drilling devices are perfected. It would cost many millions of dollars in experiments to come up with the right tools. So although there is no industry better able to pay its own way the oil in-

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dustry was delighted to let the government foot the bill.

But the Mohole bill was going up too fast. Originally estimated to cost $15 million to $20 million, the latest estimates were more than $100 million. The House killed it because too many members were tired of being told by Johnson to cut back on worthy projects, only to be faced by an old chum's $20 million passion.

The shame of it all is that because Johnson and the National Science Foundation had so mucked up the waters with obvious cost paddings and secret palsmanship the thrust of the project was never given a fair judgment. The NSF was administering the developing of Mohole and obviously doing a poor job of it. Johnson was manipulating the contracts and doing even a worse job of it. Under such circumstances science simply has no chance to survive.

The Herald Tribune

The death of the *Herald Tribune,* as Senator Gruening, a former managing editor of that paper and of *The Nation,* pointed out in an eloquent statement in the *Congressional Record* of August 16, was indeed an American tragedy. The *Herald Tribune,* as he said, was published in New York, but its influence was national. A complacent public may feel that, with radio and television as supplementary sources, its news needs will be adequately served without the paper. But newspapers that are worth their salt *make* news as well as report it. They are—if less so than formerly—"movers and shakers." Perhaps in terms of straight news reporting, the paper will not be missed in a city so well served by *The New York Times,* but its editorial leadership will be sorely missed.

The *Herald Tribune* was recognized throughout the country as the voice of liberal or moderate Republicanism and the determined foe of the so-called "new conservatives" who mock the principles of a true conservatism. Today the Republican Party is more sharply divided than at any time in recent decades. The paper's demise creates an enormous leadership void in the party at a most critical juncture in its history. It will strengthen the position within the party of the forces that staged the Cow Palace *Putsch* of 1964. What newspaper, now that the *Herald Tribune* is no more, will provide national editorial leadership for those who support the historic principles of the Republican Party?

The most likely successor is the *Los Angeles Times* under the brilliant direction of Otis Chandler. The *Times* could, if it would, fill at least part of the gap. The test will come between now and the first Tuesday in November. Will the *Times* support Ronald Reagan as the Republican gubernatorial nominee? Will it remain "neutral"? Or will it denounce Reagan as an interloper who belongs with his friends and backers of the radical Right? Some courage will be needed to buck Reagan: there are more Birchites and kindred souls per square mile in Southern California than in any other region. But the *Times* would win new and lasting national stature if it declined to assist in the capture of the Republican Party, locally and nationally, by the right wingers who have invaded it with that purpose in mind. If circumstances were reversed, if the *Herald Tribune* were still alive and being published from First and Broadway in Los Angeles, it would no more support Reagan than it supported William Buckley in last year's mayoralty election.

Propaganda Junkets

The United States Government has been unable to find counterpart funds for transporting war-disfigured Vietnamese children to well-equipped foreign hospitals for treatment (see editorial, "The Public Relations of Napalm," *The Nation,* August 22) but it somehow was able to scrape together $50,000 in counterpart funds for transporting European and Asian newsmen to Vietnam for a pro-America propaganda visit.

Just how many newsmen took advantage of our generosity Leonard H. Marks, head of the U.S. Information Agency, can't remember exactly. But that isn't the only point on which he appeared regrettably ignorant or forgetful when he appeared before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The USIA has several hundred staff members in Vietnam, so one might expect that Marks would know what was going on over there. But when Senator Gore said he understood 5,000 Vietnamese civilians are being killed each week, and wanted to know if that is accurate, Marks replied, "I have no information on that. I don't know and that's not my department."

Then Senator Aiken took up the useless quest for information, remarking that when he was in Vietnam last year he found that only one serviceman of every four in the hospital was actually a shooting casualty; the other three were victims of accident or disease. "I notice we are getting only reports of combat casualties," he said. "If the situation hasn't changed from last year, shouldn't we multiply the combat casualty figure by four to get the actual number?" Marks said he didn't know.

Although he conceded, under questioning, that it is "quite possible" that Washington protested the kind of coverage Canadian reporters were giving the Vietnamese war, he had "never heard" of the USIA's pressuring for the recall of Canadian newsman Bruce Philips.

But one thing he did "know," one thing he was absolutely confident of—it is a very good thing, a very profitable venture, to subsidize visits to Vietnam by foreign newsmen. "I have confidence in the integrity of all newsmen," he said grandly. "I'm sure no reporter would slant a story because he got a free plane ride." And when Senator Fulbright commented quietly, "I'm sure they wouldn't," there was general laughter from the press section.

But there are signs that the USIA's cleverness may already be boomeranging. Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia, a gentleman our State Department would very much like to soften up, is becoming increasingly firm in his friendship to China in reaction to all the unfavorable stories written about him lately in pro-American newspapers in Asia.

Writing in the *Monthly Illustrated Review,* published in Cambodia, he ticked off many of the press insults he has been subjected to by what he termed "De-Asianized Asians," and concluded that he would not be harassed into becoming a satellite of the United States, preferring rather "to be thin and poor but free, like the wolf in the fable." The Chinese may have their faults, he said, but "no Chinese soldier occupies any foreign country."

To that kind of talk Marks has a ready response. As he told the Foreign Relations Committee: "There are some governments that are unalterably opposed to our program and do not wish to have the facts."

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HUAC: From Pillory To Farce

FRANK J. DONNER
Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

For years and years—up until Tuesday morning, August 16—all testimony before the House Committee on Un-American Activities had been divided into two categories: friendly and hostile. This terminology separated the witnesses who pleaded no constitutional amendment, named names and freely discussed their politics from those others who refused to discuss their politics, beliefs or associations, and pleaded as justification for their silence the privilege against self-incrimination together with the First Amendment to the Constitution. Then, too, the friendly witness was encouraged to confirm and ratify the diabolism of the committee's targets and endorse the committee's version of the "Red menace" as chronic, incurable and cumulative. The unfriendly witness tended to be a silent witness, not only about his politics and associations but also about the issues which the committee claimed to be investigating. The hostile witness was usually accompanied by counsel to guide him through the shoals of the privilege against self-incrimination, a precaution which was unnecessary for the friendly witness.

Then on Tuesday, August 16, HUAC opened a four-day hearing on a measure which proposed to amend the Internal Security Act by imposing penalties up to twenty years in jail and a $20,000 fine for giving aid to any hostile foreign power. A separate section would invoke the same penalties for obstructing military personnel or transportation. The bill is aimed at the campus-born movement to resist the war in Vietnam by raising money for medical aid to the Vietnamese, including the National Liberation Front, and at actions to stop troop trains, inspired by Berkeley's Vietnam Day Committee. Those familiar with HUAC's operations quickly saw that the committee hoped, by parading the most militant anti-war groups and leaders and forcing them to plead the privilege against self-incrimination when confronted with the testimony of friendly witnesses, to cast an intimidating net over the burgeoning campus peace movement. The committee hoped to achieve its goal by the time-tested technique of depicting the youthful "hards" (such as the members of the Peking-oriented Progressive Labor Party Youth) as manipulators of the "softs," the unorganized youth who constitute the bulk of the campus peace movement. The hards, the committee hoped, would cringe in silence and sullenly sit for their political portraits; while the softs, unwilling to expose their friends, would also be forced to acquiesce in the role of dupe assigned them by HUAC. More fundamentally, perhaps, the witnesses brought home a truth which HUAC has suppressed for a generation: the hearing system is an integral part of the basic right of petition, a forum in which those adversely affected by proposed legislation can have their say.

But something went wrong. Of the twelve unfriendly witnesses who were subpoenaed, six took the stand, and not one of them followed the script. All freely admitted their political views and affiliations and refused to plead the Fifth Amendment except for the narrow purpose of blocking inquiry into the identity of others. One witness declined even to use the privilege for this limited purpose and told the committee when it begged him to use the Fifth that he refused to name others because it would "nauseate me to do so."

In the past, for the most part, the aim of the unfriendly witness has been to get through his ordeal as quickly as possible. Besides, the committee fought to prevent hostile witnesses from expressing themselves either about the committee itself or about the issues allegedly under investigation. The possibility that any statement the witnesses made would "open the door" to privileged areas made it relatively easy for the committee to gag those whose views it did not wish to hear and insured that the horror stories of the friendly witnesses would dominate the hearing.

But once the keystone of privilege was removed, the entire structure of investigative exposure so carefully erected through the years came tumbling down. The witness was at liberty to dispute and challenge all of the committee's most cherished assumptions, to parry and thrust, to insist upon counterstatements. Since there is nothing in the federal contempt statute that forces a witness to confine his answer to a narrow formula or that bars him from objecting to questions *ad nauseam*, the witnesses at the hearing, liberated from the Fifth Amendment and its ancillary restraints, made the committee pay an exorbitant price for the answers it received. Overnight a new kind of witness was born: the witness who boils over with talk, who pleads no privilege and fills the record with his views and objections. He is exactly like the old-style friendly witness with one important exception: his testimony attacks the committee, its premises and its claimed legislative subject matter—bitingly, humorously, solemnly and fearlessly.

The emergence of the loquaciously indignant witness has been made possible by a political climate in which dissent moves without the fears and pressures of the past. And this freedom from constraints which formerly forced silence on political dissent is particularly marked among our youth. It is hardly an accident that all of the irrepressibly voluble witnesses were under 30, and most of them students.

It should be clear that this newly emerged witness has no more need of counsel than his "friendly" counterpart. Since he invokes no legal or constitutional protection and since, in any event, the role of counsel before HUAC is highly restricted, the witness can face the committee alone and unafraid. This is hardly a matter for speculation. On the second day of the hearings, the gavel-pounding subcommittee chairman, Joe R. Pool of Texas, ordered the removal of ACLU cooperating attorney, Arthur Kinoy. He was seized by four federal marshals and dragged from the House caucus room, dangling from the encircling arm of a federal marshal as from a noose, face contorted, eyes popping, voice constricted. Five other ACLU attorneys (including the writer) and two privately retained lawyers left the hearing in protest against the treatment of their colleague and refused to return. Their ten clients were given opportunity to find new counsel but refused to do so. Two

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boycotted the hearings altogether and the committee, clinging desperately to the familiar ritual of hostile witnesses accompanied by counsel, rejected the pleas of two other witnesses that they be permitted to testify without counsel. One of them, Anatol Ben Anton, a Stanford Ph.D. candidate in philosophy, was bitterly disappointed because he could not enter into the record his folio of pictures of maimed and tortured NLF war prisoners. Four witnesses refused to be swerved from their determination to testify, two of them proving so eager that they had to be forcibly removed from the witness stand. The remaining two witnesses were excused without testifying, much to the anguish of one of them, Jerry Rubin of the Vietnam Day Committee, who had waited for three days in his costume of a Revolutionary War soldier, complete with brass buttons and tails, straining to get to the witness stand with a mass of pamphlets and parchment reprints of the Declaration of Independence. His demands to testify became so insistent that he was carted off and arrested for disorderly conduct, surely the strangest development of a proceeding loud with the popping of old precedents and practices.

At the very commencement of the four-day hearing, the committee was confronted with an unprecedented injunction, issued by federal judge Howard Corcoran, restraining the conduct of the inquiry until the constitutionality of HUAC's mandate could be adjudicated by a special three-judge court. When the news of the injunction reached Congress, late Monday afternoon, Congressman Pool announced that he would defy the restraining order, and the House gave him a standing ovation. Speaker McCormack, supporting Pool's stand, told newsmen that the restraint invaded the separation of powers, a principle which in the view of HUAC's critics and a number of Supreme Court justices HUAC has consistently flouted in using its powers to punish witnesses through exposure.

On the following morning the restraint was dissolved after a dramatic night session by a reviewing court, and in the wake of the dissolution the House plunged into a saturnalia of abuse of Judge Corcoran. Southern firebrands such as Abernethy of Mississippi and Dorn and Rivers of South Carolina led the oratorical howls of defiance of the court and called for Judge Corcoran's impeachment. Porter Hardy of Virginia demanded that the judge be punished for contempt of the committee. The chamber echoed with pent-up cries of irrelevant outrage from Southerners and Republicans over the reapportionment decision of the Supreme Court, the Bible-reading case and the multiple marriages of Justice Douglas. Legislation to curb the judiciary suddenly revived in the chamber. The House rallied around Pool who vowed that he would go to jail if necessary to frustrate "the judicial control of our government," a somewhat visionary commitment which he said he owed "to the boys fighting in Vietnam in the foxholes." From the hysterical outpourings one would never have guessed that for more than 150 years federal courts have reviewed acts of Congress or that the committee's mandate raised a profound constitutional issue.

Pool thus opened the hearings on August 16 with the additional and dubious mission of defending the corporate dignity and prerogatives of the House against judicial usurpation. Hearings of the committee in recent years have been nearly calamitous. Beginning with the San Francisco demonstrations in 1960, the committee's key hearings have been marked by a growing resistance. The Women Strike for Peace hearings in 1962; the Cuba hearings in 1963 and the Chicago hearings in 1965 punched large holes in the committee's dignity and popularity. Five successive Supreme Court cases—the most recent in June of this year by a unanimous Court, an unprecedented setback—had rebuked the committee's procedures. Only two weeks earlier, on August 2, the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia had invalidated the contempt conviction of three anti-war figures who had refused to testify before the committee on December 7, 1964.

How was this battered invalid, supported in the House primarily by the Southerners as a means of keeping alive the Red issue, to impress skeptical Americans with the importance of its anti-subversive mission, and at the same time to redeem the dignity of a Congress which felt itself insulted by a judicial intervention in its investigative processes?

The committee's attempts to clothe its inquiry with dignity showed a delightful touch of Gilbert and Sullivan. As the hearing progressed, a score of Congressmen dropped in to show their solidarity. They tripped over one another on the overcrowded dais as the chairman cordially welcomed them to the proceedings. After duly checking in and contemplating the proceedings with the air of a man whose fascination with a steam shovel has delayed his return from lunch, they made way for new arrivals. A strange note was struck by the seating on the dais of whole Congressional families, including kindergartners restlessly squirming in their chairs. Chairman Pool fondly flourished a new gavel ornamented with six different flags including, he explained, "the Texas, Confederate and American" flags.

The hearing was a frail support for the dignity of Congress for other reasons. Even before the hearing had begun, the committee had leaked the names of several subpoenaed witnesses to a favorite journalist. A committee investigator had obtained from Stanford University lists of student members of certain registered campus organizations. It had used its subpoena power to extract from student activity directors at Berkeley and Ann Arbor similar lists of names. These names are furnished to the university administration by the students for the limited purpose of establishing the identity of an organization and a source of responsibility for its activities. Students at the institutions involved are disgusted not only with HUAC but with the spineless willingness of university administrators to collaborate with HUAC in invading the students' freedom of association and academic freedom.

The committee's best hope of justifying its investigation and at the same time redeeming the dignity of the House was to document the gravity of the evil it was purportedly investigating and the importance of the bill under consideration. But neither its friendly witnesses nor its own members made credible its contention that the war was being hampered by student contributions to the International Red Cross, an activity which Sen. Robert F. Kennedy has endorsed. Nor did HUAC explain why existing laws were inadequate to deal with the obstruction of military transportation. And as for the bill itself, it is atrociously drafted and bristles with constitutional threats to dissent, infirmities which led the American Civil Liberties

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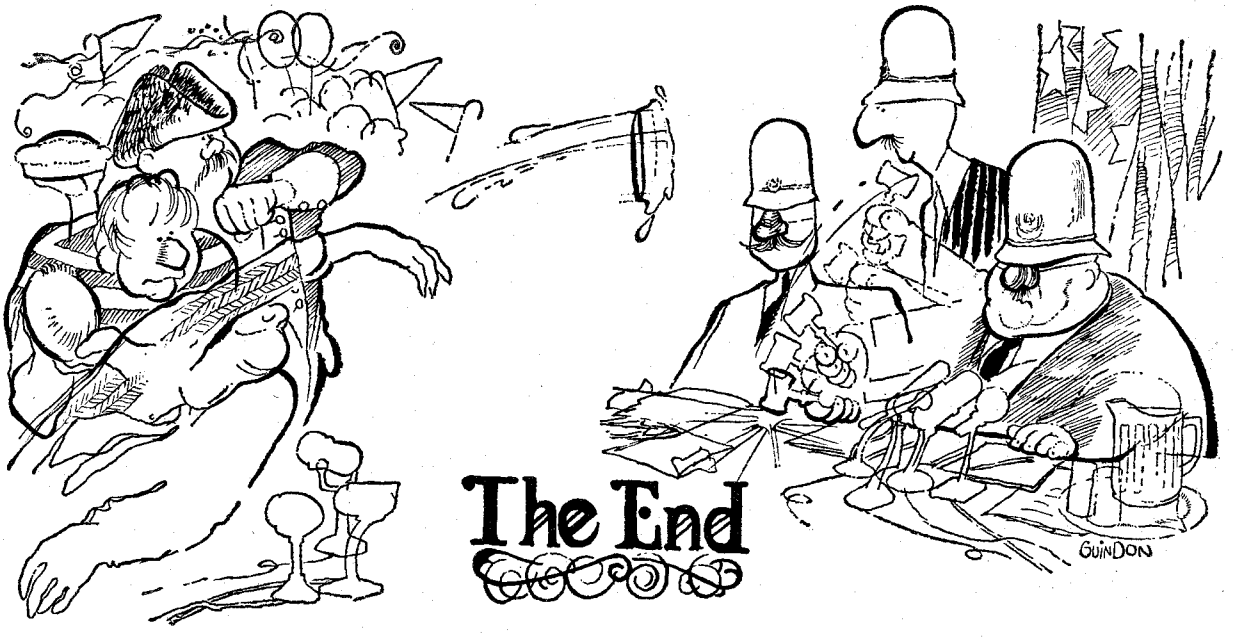
Union to give militant, determined leadership to the resistance to the committee's hearings.

Will the committee persist in conducting its hearings after this most recent circus? Some have claimed that the House will rally around HUAC to give it a new lease on life. But its future looks most unhappy, haunted as it will be by a new breed of fire-breathing witness, clamoring to testify, deaf to the committee's coaxing to plead one of the good old amendments, clinging tenaciously to the witness chair after the chairman has cried, "Hold, enough."

Of course, the committee might avoid this fate by limiting its subpoenas to unfriendly witnesses over 40—if there are any left. Or perhaps now that Sen. Everett Dirksen has added his voice to those who have condemned the committee for its investigative follies and legislative futility, the House may decide to abolish this Congressional posse.



RUSSIAN SUMMER

THE WORRIED VACATIONISTS

ALEXANDER WERTH

Moscow

To sum up in a sentence my impressions of three summer weeks in Russia: "This would be a very happy country—and a freer one—but for the war in Vietnam."

The Russians have never been so prosperous. Their standard of living continues to be lower than that of Western Europe; certain foodstuffs, like butter and sugar, are still three or four times more dear. But conditions are incomparably better than they were two years ago. Food then was very short, and everybody grumbled openly about Khrushchev. Today I talked to a worker at the great ZIL auto plant in Moscow who had just spent his vacation in his native village near Vinnitsa, in one of the richest agricultural areas of the Ukraine. His line was that since the firing of "that parasite Khrushchev" and the famous plenary session of the Central Committee in March, 1965, things had changed drastically for the better in the Russian countryside. Not only were the members of the *kolkhoz* now free to own privately (without being heavily taxed) any number of cows and pigs and geese and chickens but, more important, they had been given decisive financial inducements to work hard on the "collective" land itself, until recently neglected. Thus, his sister's family had been allocated 6 acres of collective land on which they were to grow sugar beet; and for this work they were paid an additional 120 rubles (roughly $130). Apart from their food deliveries to the state, the farmers could now sell enormous quantities in the *kolkhoz* markets in nearby towns. Eggs were so plentiful that the villagers ate huge omelets every day, since the state would not buy eggs without limit, and the *kolkhoz* markets had been saturated. Almost every farm in this *kolkhoz* now had television; a minimum wage was being introduced among the members of the *kolkhoz*, and old people in the villages were for the first time receiving pensions.

My Ukrainian acquaintance's story was corroborated by similar ones about conditions on the Don, in the Kuban and other rich parts of Russia. Although central and northern Russia were not quite as prosperous, the general impression that emerged was that, perhaps for the first time since the revolution, there was a remarkable improvement in the agricultural situation, which had always been difficult under Stalin and not much better under Khrushchev. The Russian climate is unreliable and the stability of this pros-

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perity cannot be taken for granted, but all the Russians I talked to felt that the corner had at last been turned. It was expected that the present "competition" between the *kolkhoz* markets and the state shops would, before long, result in a general lowering of prices. It should be remembered that a few years ago, under Khrushchev, prices in the state shops and, consequently, in the markets were sharply increased.

Great credit for these notable improvements is given to the "collective leadership" now ruling the Soviet Union, and above all perhaps to Prime Minister Kosygin. He is not a "monument" like Stalin, nor a flashy and noisy personality like Khrushchev. Indeed, he is not impressive either as a personality or a speaker, and is said to be suffering from a stomach ulcer. But he is an able economist, the head of a large team of technocrats, who speaks like the chairman of a board of directors. He is brief and concise; he does not boast, but, on the contrary, tends to stress, as he did in his Supreme Soviet speech on August 3, the numerous deficiencies in the Soviet economic system which must still be corrected. He admitted then that there was still a wide gap between industrial and agricultural production, but spoke of the numerous concrete measures that had already been taken and would continue to be taken to narrow it. Kosygin's businesslike and scientific approach to economic problems, so different from Khrushchev's fruitless brain waves and improvisations, has won him great respect, but a respect free of hero worship or "cult." This also is something new in Russia.

August is the peak month for *otpuski*—summer vacations—and railway stations and airports are thronged with crowds, the immense fleet of commercial planes having made air travel (which is very cheap in Russia) a routine matter for most people. In Moscow and Leningrad one hardly meets a child in August; all have been sent away to holiday camps.

I have started this article with a few references to holidays, growing prosperity and the greatly improved food situation, because these are all relevant to the extremely tense international situation created throughout the world, and not least in the Soviet Union, by the war in Vietnam. Russia today is a flourishing economic concern and, having lost 20 million people in a war that ended only twenty years ago, there is nothing its people hate more than the thought of another which would—to say the least—ruin once again its hard-won prosperity. That is why, even in the holiday atmosphere of August, the war in Vietnam is causing the greatest anxiety. In his speech on August 3, Kosygin was studiously moderate in his treatment of the

"Charlie Is My Darling"

Beaton, Toronto Star; Ben Roth

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situation. He stressed once again that "peaceful coexistence" with the capitalist countries was, in present circumstances (that is, with the power of total atomic destruction on both sides) an "objective necessity." He even qualified his condemnation of American policy in Vietnam by expressing the hope that the more sane and reasonable people in America would ultimately gain the upper hand and stop the war. But he made it plain (as he had already made it plain to Mrs. Gandhi and to Harold Wilson) that he could not make any diplomatic moves which might be interpreted as lack of faith in the Vietnamese people's power and determination to resist, or as a disavowal of the conditions laid down by Ho Chi Minh himself. The Soviet Union, he said, would help the people of Vietnam to drive the American aggressors from their land. (Loud applause.)

The true complexity of the situation may be seen from a variety of contradictions. The official Russian line extols the "invincibility" of the people of Vietnam; at the same time, every opportunity is taken to characterize the war as murder perpetrated by the entire technical might of the United States. "Genocide" is the term applied by Russians again and again to describe the exploits of the American Air Force, and the parallel they draw is bitter: "What Hitler did with gas chambers President Johnson is doing with napalm, poison gas and other masterpieces of American technology."

Despite the moderation of Kosygin's official speeches, anger against the United States is mounting rapidly. (Armored doors and iron window bars have recently been installed at the U.S. Embassy in Moscow where the staff expects any day an outburst of mass violence.) The entirely genuine popular sympathy for the people of Vietnam was reflected in the declaration in favor of increased aid to Vietnam published by the Supreme Soviet.

Everyone hopes, of course, that Vietnam will resist long enough to make a switch in American opinion inevitable. Once this becomes apparent, Kosygin may even depart from the current hard-and-fast line of sticking to North Vietnam's Four Points and the Vietcong's Five Points, with their demand for total evacuation of U.S. forces. But, for the present, all the Russians can do is supply all possible help to Vietnam—not that there is any great illusion that America's increased air losses (due to Russian aid) will make the Pentagon give up.

The situation is further complicated by China. If there is very strong feeling against the United States in Russia, there is an equally (or almost equally) strong feeling against China. Russians have been reminding me repeatedly that when Kosygin last saw Mao in 1965, the latter said: "It is for small countries like Vietnam to sacrifice themselves for the world revolution." This does not sit at all well with the Russians, but, all the same, they are avoiding an open quarrel with the Chinese on this "world-revolution" issue. Much more significant is the strong Russian suspicion that the Chinese would like to provoke a war between the Soviet Union and the United States. Another common observation in Moscow is that every possible obstacle is being put in the way of shipping Russian equipment to Vietnam via China. The theory is that the Chinese want it taken by sea, so that Soviet ships may be sunk by the American Navy.

In short, the Russians are angry with both America and China because both constitute a danger of war to them. On the other hand, de Gaulle is today their most popular foreign statesman—even though, on the issue of Germany, the French and Russians failed on the face of it to reach agreement. Like the Russians, de Gaulle is acutely conscious of the fearful dangers of the Vietnamese conflict, and is for them "a real man of peace." As for Great Britain, Kosygin declared that there was every reason why relations with that country should be good, but that there was no hope of serious improvement as long as Britain supported the war in Vietnam.

If there is danger that the war may lead to a conflict between Russia and the United States, there is also a danger of a war between the United States and China. This might result from a direct American attack on China, or from China's decision to hit out if it fears that North Vietnam is on the point of cracking up. What would the Russians do then? Here we are in the realm of speculation, but one thing is certain: the theory current in some American quarters that "nothing would suit the Russians better than a Chinese-American war" has no foundation in fact. Bad though their relations are with China at the present time, the Russians know that they could not keep out of such a war.

The war in Vietnam has had some ominous repercussions inside Russia. A cry has gone up for greater "vigilance" (a phenomenon typical of the cold-war years of 1946-53 under Stalin)—vigilance, for instance, with respect to foreigners traveling off the beaten Intourist track; vigilance toward any breaches of discipline; very severe punishment of even "petty hooliganism," and so on.

One effect of the Vietnamese war I found particularly striking and even surprising and shocking. Last winter the two writers, Siniavsky and Daniel, were tried and sentenced to seven and five years' hard labor for publishing abroad "slanderous" and "libelous" books on the Soviet Union. The story told in Moscow now is that a special committee of the Central Committee had to decide whether or not to hold the trial. The minority, including Kosygin and Furtseva (Minister of Culture) were against it; the majority, comprising die-hards like Shelepin and Suslov (with Brezhnev abstaining), were for it. The great majority of Russian intellectuals were genuinely disgusted by the trial, even though some, like Ehrenburg, admitted that its purpose was to discourage widespread cynicism and nihilism among the young.

During my present stay in Moscow I had numerous talks with prominent Russian writers who, I knew, had been very hostile to the Siniavsky-Daniel trial when it was in progress. Their line now had altered sharply. They described the two writers as "unpatriotic," "double-crossing," and only regretted that they had been sent to jail. It would have been better simply to throw them out, as Tarsis had been thrown out, since they made it so clear that they did not like living in the Soviet Union.

When I asked one of my writer friends why he had changed his mind—for he was known to have been strongly opposed to the trial and the verdict—he answered: "Look, I am a liberal, but there are times when such ultra-liberalism as allowing the Siniavskys and Daniels to write what-

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ever they like and hee-haw mercilessly about the Soviet system is excessive. Things have changed since last winter; we are now on the brink of war. This is no time for smart-alecky cynicism. *We've got to close our ranks.* When the war in Vietnam is over, we can talk again about the merits of Siniavsky and Daniel and write satire about ourselves; now the situation is far, far too serious."

There is no doubt that the war in Vietnam has created a stern anti-liberal mood in Russia. It would be a mistake to speak of a return to Stalinism, but, as the changed attitude to the writers' trial shows, a marked hardening of the regime can be expected, with the introduction of wartime discipline in all fields. If the war in Vietnam continues, the harder line may even meet with broad popular approval.

HEAD START TO WHAT?

IVOR KRAFT

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Project Head Start, the program that put more than half a million 4 and 5 year olds in preschools last summer, is by far the most popular piece of the anti-poverty package. To cast aspersions on Head Start, loved by all, is like taking a public stand against mother's home-baked pie. But just how important is formal preschooling for the average human being? The little scientific evidence we have indicates that it is not very important at all. Fewer than 10 per cent of Americans have attended preschool, and there is nothing to show that the other 90 per cent suffer any significant lacks.

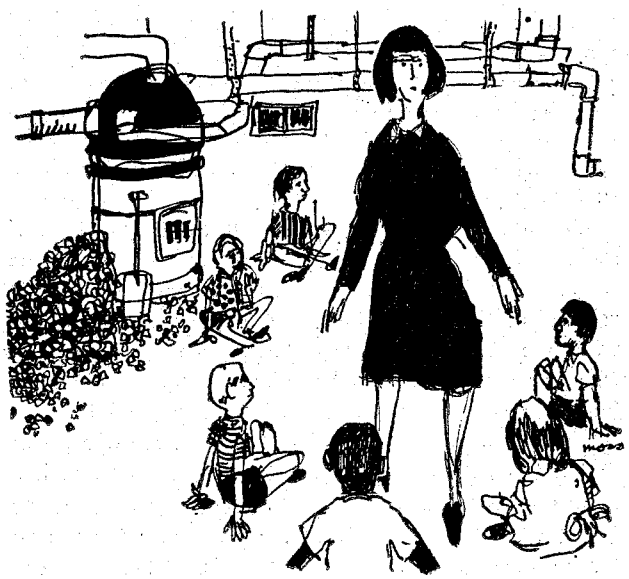
Most of us do believe, and with some justification, that the first five or six years of life are highly significant. This is not a new idea. As the late 18th-century poet John Paul Richter put it: "If we regard all life as an educational institution, a circumnavigator of the world is less influenced by all the nations that he has seen than by his nurse." By now we may have carried this idea too far. Common sense dictates that if the first five years of human life are important, there must be at least some point in what occurs during the next sixty-five.

What we do not yet know about human growth and development probably exceeds what we do know. Still, it is not hard to come up with an acceptable recipe for producing that vague if recognizable commodity, a "good human being." Even without knowledge of how the ingredients combine and interact, the recipe goes like this: Take a biologically sound infant, place him in the steady care of reasonably well functioning parents (or parent surrogates), expose him step by step to age-appropriate normative experiences of his small world, protect him from excessive physical and psychological shocks, provide him with suitable vocational outlooks and potentialities and a code of ethics, gradually let go of him as he approaches adulthood.

Note that this is a universal recipe. Depending on geography and culture it will produce a good Kikuyu tribesman, a loyal daughter of Russia, a Saudi Arabian oligarch or a constructive American citizen.

Note also that the formula makes no mention of schooling or education as such, for formal pedagogical influences are derivative to specific cultures. This is not to deny that schooling is essential in some cultures—ours for one—because it may be the chief influence with respect to the part of the recipe that refers to "vocational outlooks and potentialities."

At no time has preschooling been an essential part of this recipe anywhere in the world. Yet nurseries and kindergartens fulfill an important social function in most advanced societies. During the time of their war of liberation Israeli



settlers gained a new respect for their group-care methods in infancy and early childhood, and the British learned a similar lesson about nurseries during the desperate time of the Nazi blitz. There are ample reasons why preschools are so popular in the Soviet Union where working mothers are even more numerous than they are in our country, and where private housing conditions are often inferior. And the middle-class American mother, who appreciates a few free hours during the morning or afternoon, would be in a bad fix if all those convenient nursery schools were to shut their doors.

We can summarize with an instructive generalization: preschooling is chiefly a convenience to the individual parent or the community of adults; it is not chiefly a boon to the child. Certainly, this is not to say that preschool is harmful to the child. It merely makes the point that, other things being equal, we have no evidence that preschool contributes

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anything essential or particularly valuable to the child's development.

But sometimes other things most definitely are not equal. What if the adult caretaker is highly incompetent? What if the surroundings of the child are so cheerless or even damaging that there is no freedom for healthy play? What if the child has special or marked handicaps? Under such circumstances it is at least possible for a good preschool to be a boon to the child as well as a convenience to the parent.

This brings us to the rationale for Project Head Start. It is operated out of the Office of Economic Opportunity as a major plank in the anti-poverty push. But preschooling can never be a major antidote for poverty. It is too far removed from the root causes. The major specific remedies have to do with jobs, income maintenance, housing, racial discrimination, the overall urban environment and the cultural and spiritual upgrading of community life. The last category is foggy but necessary, and preschooling does have something to contribute to it, but very little in comparison with what can be done in the school years beyond nursery and kindergarten.

Well, yes, the Head Start people will admit when pressed, we know we really aren't fighting poverty directly, but we are providing poor people with a good social service and a means for getting their children beyond "cultural deprivation." Education is the key to job preparation and success in life, and poor 4 and 5 year olds just can't cope with school. That is where we come in. We give them a head start—a long-term basic investment, with a pay-off fifteen or twenty years later.

Unfortunately, this is a weak argument. One of the major selling points of a good middle-class three-hour-a-day nursery school is that it gives the mother a chance to be responsibly relieved of the care of her child for a portion of the day, while the child learns how to "live and share in a group." In other words, children learn not only from the teacher but from one another. Presumably some good things rub off, and some bad things get rubbed out. No one pretends that it turns the children into little scholars or that it sets them up for a quick start in life.

But what is being claimed for preschools for the "culturally deprived"? The assumption is that fifteen or so homogeneously "inferior" children will spend a few hours a day in the care of an ordinary or even untrained teacher and that they will be exposed to certain types of intellectual experiences. With respect to group living, what will they learn from one another that they have not already learned from older brothers or sisters, or that they will not unlearn as soon as they return to the predominating environment? (In the good middle-class nursery there is an emphatic *continuity of experience* between home and school.) With respect to intellectual experiences, what will they learn that is so crucial that it cannot await the first grade? Can we expect to turn them into little scholars when we do not even attempt this with more "advantaged" youngsters? Can we do it on the basis of perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes of deliberately structured intellectual experiences? (Remember, we have to allow for dressing and undressing, juice time, rest time, outdoor play, toileting, transitioning, etc.)

Head Start people are sometimes urged to build their programs with the use of neighborhood facilities, such as church basements or renovated store fronts, and staffed with "indigenous workers"—often a euphemism for high school dropouts and welfare mothers. Perhaps, but it is doubtful that effective childhood education in our society can be operated out of dank church basements under the management of illiterate high school dropouts. It is unrealistic to suppose that adolescents, themselves the products of an inferior education and a neglected upbringing, can be put through six- or eight-week "workshops" and foisted off as "subprofessional aides." We cannot compel one program to succeed at the expense of another. It is not educational innovation to expect unsalvaged 17 or 18 year olds to salvage themselves by becoming the chief caretakers, at $1.25 an hour, of 3 and 4 years olds from the slums. This is garden-variety baby sitting—not early childhood education. Slum children need the best, not the worst.

To date there is practically no sound research evidence to support the expected achievements of Head Start. The most that can be claimed for the program is that it "keeps the children off the streets," submits them to a medical screening, yields a 5-to-10-point gain in IQ, and causes a 6 year old to make a better adjustment to first grade. A 7- or 8-point rise in IQ is not very much. It does not mean that a new fount of intelligence has been tapped in the child's psyche, or that the child has been launched on a promising school career.

Assuming that the tests are well administered, to go from an IQ of 100 to 130, or from 120 to 150, may represent a formidable leap, if this gain proves to be genuine and sustained. But to move from a score of 81 to 88, or from 97 to 105, may mean a gain in "easy" or "cheap" points, a gain in routine practice effects or certain rather low-level manipulative skills. It is one thing to take a child who has never seen a piano and drill him to the point where he can play chopsticks. It is something else to give this child the kind of basic music education that will enable him to play a simple Chopin waltz or Beethoven sonata, and then gradually proceed to advanced stages of musical skill. Almost anyone (including mental retardates) can be drilled to master chopsticks, but many an average music pupil, even under good tutelage, drops by the wayside before mastering elementary Beethoven.

The odd thing about the IQ effect is that almost any kind of preschool offering—eight weeks or one year, enriched or unenriched, taught by highly organized task masters or completely permissive teachers—seems to yield the same 5-to-10-point average IQ gain. This would appear to be additional evidence that these point gains are trivial and not especially revealing. What would we lose by achieving this gain in the child's seventh (first grade) year rather than his fourth to sixth years? Of course, it may be "too late" by the seventh year, although there is no evidence to prove this. At best, schooling and education are slow, cumulative, and for all of life—it *is* life—and cannot be compared with the 100-yard dash, where a head start of even two seconds may distinguish success from failure.

The obvious effect of preschooling is that the child is trained to the routine of the classroom. He learns to sit

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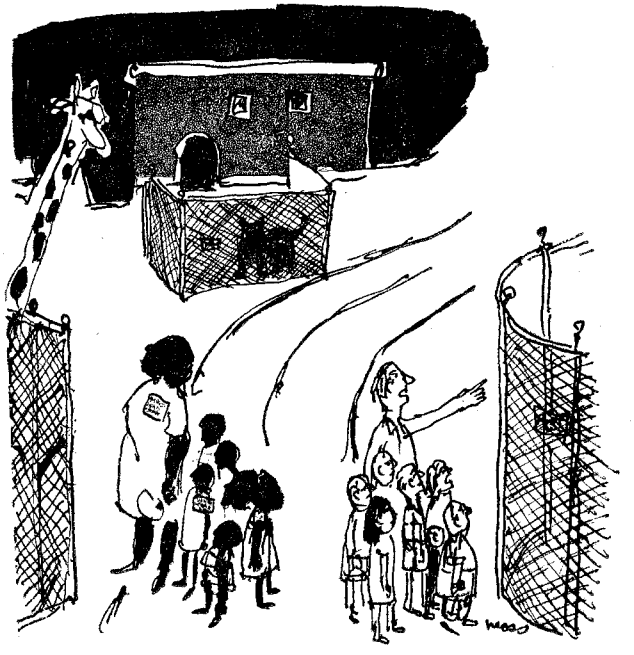
in a circle, take turns, mind the teachers, and familiarize himself with the prerogatives and taboos of being an individual in a classroom group. It would be strange indeed if first-grade teachers did not report that Head Start children tend to "make a better adjustment to the classroom setting." Similarly, it would be odd if a troop of adolescents who spent six or eight weeks in the summer hanging around a poolroom did not perform somewhat better at a billiards test when compared with a matched group of teen-agers who had merely spent the summer in remedial reading. But unless a first-grade teacher thinks of herself as a sergeant-at-arms, whose task it is to slap down or evict the unruly, she ought to be able to win over 6 year olds to an enlightened classroom routine even in the absence of prior preschool conditioning.

We need to beware lest Head Start deteriorate into a cheap anti-poverty substitute containing a few hidden snares. Once we provide a convenient dumping ground for children of lower-class mothers, we can tell the mothers to hustle



off and get themselves jobs— such as domestics in the homes of nice middle-class ladies who send their own children to quality nurseries or else take good care of them at home. Class and racially segregated preschools—which may become the norm for Head Start centers—can serve to engrave even more deeply the now rampant anti-democratic patterns in our public school systems. In this respect Head Start may merely enroll parents and children as an early acclimatization device to *de facto* segregation.

Head Start does not belong in a war on poverty and should be removed from the Office of Economic Opportunity. The oversell about a "head start" should be quietly abandoned and instead a plan should be drawn up to give this nation a network of top-quality day care and early childhood centers as a right and entitlement of all parents who choose to use them, regardless of income and residence. At all costs these centers must be integrated with respect to race and class.

The genuine and unpretentious rationale for the early childhood center is not that it replaces the home or compensates for poverty but that it provides a necessary and convenient auxiliary emotional and physical center for young children. It strengthens family life; it dissipates certain tensions and strains in our crowded urban societies; it can be a grass-roots, democratizing social service when it does not practice race and class separatism.

A baby watcher merely polices the children and keeps them out of trouble. She is not required to show imagination or ingenuity or deep understanding in responding to a child's often puzzling and inexplicable behavior. In the course of a few hours with a group of preschoolers a genuine teacher has to handle a constantly unfolding series of creative spurts, moody withdrawals, aggressive acts, obscure questions and comments, appeals for love, flash tantrums, and "please leave me alone" signals from the child. The teacher has to decide instantaneously how and when to get involved, when to stand to one side. He is anything but a passive policeman and watcher. His methods may be elusive and hard to define, but anyone who has observed a really competent and experienced educator of youngsters knows that there is considerable skill involved, based chiefly on psychological techniques of stimulation and control, as well as on deep understanding of creative media and the learning processes in the very young. Many middle-class mothers, but not all, can master these skills in handling one or two children. But it takes an entirely different level of professionalism to manage ten or fifteen children in a group, while exhibiting the same sensitivity and concern as does the gifted mother.

To get beyond custodial care, habit training and the cutting and pasting or formboard kind of busy work—which admittedly may yield that five or ten point increase in IQ scores—requires that young children be cared for by well-trained, responsive and thoroughly competent teachers who couldn't care less about IQ scores and who do not think of themselves as sergeants-at-arms. Middle-aged sentimentalists, old-age termagants or inarticulate adolescents should not work with young children merely because they say they love them and think they can manage them. We want professionally trained teachers with a demonstrated command of skills. For the time being, such teachers are exceedingly hard to find.

Assuming that we want to put 1 million children in early childhood centers—a thoroughly realistic goal and one that is being voiced among Head Start people—what will this require?

We do not have enough experience or sound research data on costs and plans to make exact calculations, but the following round-figure estimates are probably not too far off the mark:

¶ About 70,000 fully trained, competent teachers. This amounts to one for every fifteen children, which must be considered the minimum ratio.

¶ Between 3,500 and 7,000 well-designed, well-equipped centers. The projection is on the basis of one center for between 150 and 300 children, although obviously some communities will require smaller centers, and some of our major cities may want to experiment with even larger campuses,

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no doubt broken down in sub-schools or small-unit clusters.

¶ About 200,000 aides and auxiliary personnel. These would be at various stages of competence, skill and training, including men as well as women, performing the work of maids, janitorial assistants, et al. The estimate—very rough—is one such person for every five children enrolled in the center (not including the professionally trained teacher).

¶ An annual operating budget of about $2 billion. Again, this is a very rough estimate, based on $2,000 per child. It will probably not be manageable with less than this, if we project the average stay of a child in the center as between six and eight hours. Obviously, some will stay only two and three hours, and a few may actually require being present in the center for as many as twelve hours, although the extended day can be only rarely recommended. We are not going to design and implement this kind of program overnight. But with vigorous, step-by-step planning, we can bring it into being in ten or twelve years.

Project Head Start may be an example of an error fairly common in the history of American social innovation: a potentially good program is oversold for the wrong reasons and gets bungled in the implementation. (Something like this happened with the welfare apparatus of the 1930s; it is now so rotten that it deserves to be entirely junked.)

But it does not have to turn out this way. With a gross national product of almost $750 billion we can easily afford to spend $2 billion a year on a network of quality early childhood centers. (Although it may be cut, Head Start's current budget calls for around $300 million.) Meanwhile, nothing terrible is going to happen to the poverty program or America's children if we take the necessary ten or fifteen years to go about it in the proper way.

If we do not, if we allow Head Start to degenerate into a headlong start and a doubtful finish, we may well end up with the kind of mess that we now have in our inner-city slum schools, one that will take at least a full generation's work to remedy.

There are only two roads which Head Start can follow. The first is a cheap, massive, harum-scarum program buttressed by false claims, publicity stunts, IQ gimmickry, and the pretense of eight-week short courses for 4 year olds as a major means of salvaging Americans from poverty. The second is a step-by-step, carefully planned campaign to give America a network of model preschool and day-care centers manned by excellent teachers and serving "all the children of all the people" as a downward extension of our democratic common school system.

LATIN AMERICA II

SEARCH FOR A POLITICS

EDGAR A. TRIVERI

Mr. Triveri, stationed in Santiago de Chile, is the Latin American editor of Inter Press Service, the Latin American News Agency.

One of the most important facts about politics in Latin America today is that the various sets of guiding ideas which were accepted not long ago as valid beyond question are now discredited. Principles that seemed sufficiently demonstrated a few decades ago are again under skeptical scrutiny and in need of further proof. This applies both to traditional political doctrines and to the more recent dogmas, and is extended even to the motives of those who profess them.

The debate is not so much on the theoretical validity of existing doctrines as on the results they have achieved. It might be argued that it is hardly convincing to evaluate an ideology exclusively on the basis of performance. After all, Latin America is a region so beset by contradictions and problems as to jeopardize the soundest of principles. Also, to take one set of political ideas, Social Democracy has not yet had a full chance, except in Costa Rica and Venezuela; and in fact it can be reasonably contended that many Latin American countries have had no significant political experience aside from an almost unbroken succession of authoritarian governments.

The fact remains, however, that political groups dominated by established ideologies rather than by personalities have been consistently losing ground in the area during the last decades, even though the lack of adequate alternatives tends to cloud the evidence. Elections in Colombia or Uruguay, for instance, may show that voters still support liberals and conservatives under their various labels. But many of these voters register with the established parties and go to the polls in the same spirit that one applies for a job — and often for the same reason. In addition, the numerous splinter groups into which these parties are divided and, in some cases, the efforts made to institutionalize them as the only possible options, are further proof of their decline.

Liberalism, under whose influence most of Latin America moved from anarchy into some sort of organization during the last century, soon became a mere slogan. In practice, liberals were as authoritarian in Latin America as conservatives, and frequently belonged to the same upper class. They were responsible for introducing the abstract ideas of progress and political freedom and did in fact manage to install universal suffrage in some countries, as well as a measure of economic growth. However, liberalism failed to lay a solid foundation for building modern states in Latin America. The creole oligarchies remained indirectly in power, paying willing lip service to radical ideas that did not in practice affect their class interests.

The Spanish system of values, coupled with the lack of meaningful efforts to promote structural changes, worked as a brake on liberalism; the absence of significant middle sectors in the economy doomed it from the outset. The importance of hierarchy, disproportionate wealth based on land or mines and cheap labor, a structural order imposed by the conquistadores, had remained essentially unchanged

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in Latin America until the early part of this century. The small group that benefited from this situation managed to survive the wars of independence, the period of anarchy and the subsequent reconstruction almost intact. It expressed itself primarily through the conservative parties, which basically were organized to protect the vertical system that made the privilege possible. The upper class was not motivated by any ideology. Its wealth was linked to foreign markets, but it had roots in the land, and paradoxically was looked upon with less suspicion than were the urban liberal "doctors" who, in the eyes of the rural masses, spoke and lived like foreigners.

Conservative Catholicism accepted the Spanish system as natural law. What the conquistador implanted, the cassocks baptized. Thus the vertical social and economic order was legitimized: the authority of the state or of the landowner must be acknowledged; rebellion was contrary to divine precept. The peasants, the mine workers, the exploited classes as a whole could appeal only at a much higher level — and not in this life.

Having failed in the face of this sanctioned tradition to transform Latin America into modern states (Uruguay, Chile and Argentina are to a degree exceptions), abstract liberalism could offer very little. However, most of the region was beginning to experience a slow, organic change. A continuous flow of immigrants began to move into some of the countries. They brought no worldly goods but they did bring an ancestral thirst for land and work. And some of them imported the relatively new ideas of anarchism and Marxism. Soon the first trade unions were established. Socialist parties were founded at the turn of the century in Argentina and Uruguay. When World War I broke out, Latin America was cut off from industrial supplies and consumer goods. A start toward an incipient industrialization was prompted in several countries. Growing demands for administrative machinery, for trade and industry, and for the skills of a civil service broadened the base for a middle class. Students in Argentina rose against their educational system, thus setting in motion a reaction that was to transform education throughout the whole region. The first party to promote a blend of nationalism and mild non-Marxist socialism was founded by Peru's Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre, the American Popular and Revolutionary Alliance (APRA). Trade unions began to grow, and politicians soon took heed of their potentialities. From 1914-18, to the 1929 crisis, to the Second World War, Latin America slowly moved away from pre-capitalism, and the components of more complex societies appeared in varying degrees. The result was more contradictions but also an increased political awareness.

In this period, issues instead of personalities or ideological generalizations became the basis for political debate. Free trade and the doctrine of laissez faire were analyzed in the light of concrete needs such as trade barriers and exchange controls. Debates about foreign investment and state control or ownership of certain basic resources acquired a real importance when the first quarrels over oil and ore deposits broke out in Peru, Argentina, Brazil, Mexico and Bolivia. Nationalism, which had been a state of mind or a latent feeling, turned into economic nationalism. Social welfare, labor legislation and economic planning provided real distinctions among the various groups. But World War II, which acted as a powerful catalyst in Latin America, also turned regional attention away from such problems.

The rise of fascism and Nazism — ideologies which quantitatively had little significance in Latin America — affected the whole area far beyond the economic and strategic impact of the ensuing war. The question of freedom or tyranny became the great issue. An area which had lived for centuries under authoritarian rule took the occasion of a distant international conflagration to condemn dictatorships. The real terms of the problem in its domestic context — backwardness vs. development — were not even mentioned. Latin America sold its raw materials at a low price to "save democracy," and Brazilians died in Monte Cassino. Liberals, conservatives, Socialists, Communists and some nationalists (except those who thought they saw in the eventual overwhelming catastrophe of the Allies an opportunity for greater independence) accepted the conflicts in the terms presented by war propaganda. This led to a new oversimplification: victory over tyranny would automatically produce more democracy. As applied to Latin America it meant that dictatorships would have to be overthrown and elections held in order to start a new era. Little or nothing was said about the pressing social and economic needs. They would solve themselves, it was thought, once representative democracy began to operate. Moreover, the warning that, considering the high illiteracy rates and the deep socio-economic gap, progress in some countries would be less than likely

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if pursued according to the doctrines of typical Western democracy, was flatly rejected as a Fascist view.

Thus a new abstraction came into being. It did not conform to reality and was interpreted as a mere smoke screen by many Latin Americans once the war was over. The easy appeal of Populism in Brazil, Argentina and Bolivia could be thought to confirm this judgment. Peron and Vargas did not rule exclusively on the basis of their strong personalities or sheer demagogy. Their followers were highly receptive to the new social legislation and working opportunities, and did not seem to care much that elections may have been rigged or that the opposition

was gagged. They had suffered the same treatment from some of the democrats who had been less than orthodox when they had been in power a few years before. The fact that a dozen or so traditional dictatorships existed elsewhere in Latin America at the time, thriving on the people's underconsumption imposed by force, did not make things clearer — both the authoritarian governments that favored economic and social progress and the traditional "strong men" were grouped under the same label. They were equally opposed by the liberals, some conservatives and the Left.

The Latin American Marxist Left also opposed without discrimination both types of authoritarian governments. In so doing it reflected the nature of its social components. Socialism and communism are minority groups in the area and enlisted mostly from the professions, white-collar employees, intellectuals, students and smaller segments of the lower working class. Both parties are strictly urban, with no roots whatever in the vast rural areas where more than 60 per cent of Latin Americans live. Socialism has long evolved toward Social Democracy or modified versions of liberalism. One splinter group proclaims the need for Cuban-style revolutions and is equally opposed to the Right and to Communist peaceful coexistence. Communist parties have suffered from the vagaries of Moscow's political leadership. The fact that they see Latin America from a foreign perspective and act on behalf of an extra-continental power (Communists tried hard to convince Latin Americans that a pact with Nazi Germany was vitally needed, as if Hitler were getting ready to invade across the South Atlantic instead of into Soviet Russia), coupled with the lack of an ideological instrument adapted to local conditions, has greatly reduced Communist chances in Latin America. It can no longer be considered a short-range possibility, despite propaganda to the contrary, because its peaceful coexistence policy forces it to compete through elections (Venezuelan communism at war with the government has recently explored the possibilities of a truce). The Peking brand of communism is more of a trend than a party and operates within other groups.

The issue of democracy vs. dictatorships came to a critical point when United States policy ("there are good and bad strong men," Washington was given to say during

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the cold war) began a slow change. A certain measure of formal liberalization was introduced, and Latin American dictators were no longer made honorary members of American universities. Some of the leaders of the anti-dictatorial drive became chiefs of state and soon were faced with the old problems of socio-economic destitution under the pressure of the "rising expectations." A whole new technological approach to development through planning and reforms was formulated by the UN Economic Committee for Latin America, and was gradually adopted by a growing number of governments and institutions. However, it was the Cuban Revolution that triggered the dramatic transit from postwar formal liberalization to structural reforms. Under this influence the need for change attained respectability. Evolution and revolution became the opposite poles of the new political options.

Five years after the Alliance for Progress was launched at Punta del Este, economic and social development is still too slow to meet the needs arising from annual population growth. Food supply lags behind requirements, slums still mushroom in most Latin American capitals and balance of payment deficiencies continue to jeopardize development. Income distribution still heavily favors a privileged minority, and ten *coups d'état* in six years suggest that the concept of orderly progress is not faring well. However, the radical formula of the Cubans has lost much of its appeal, even though it may only be dormant and easily awakened if structural changes are not introduced in time.

Latin Americans are under rising pressures to move ahead. The interplay between these pressures and the set of available political options is causing a new polarization of forces in the area. Evolution through reform may still have a chance if it can amount to a virtual revolution in peace. Token changes — mainly to attract Alliance for Progress funds, as in Colombia where the so-called "social agrarian reform" has actually frozen the oligarchic structural system — will not stop the revolutionary tide. Outright opposition to reforms will only cause a deeper radicalization. On the other hand, economic surgery in the name of "monetarist" principles, as in Brazil, has paralyzed economic and social growth without even being able to control inflation.

One thing is certain: whatever the political labels assumed by the emerging groups, they will undoubtedly be influenced by modern nationalism. This may involve a reformulation of ideas to fit different circumstances and environments, the implementation of policies emphasizing mixed or direct state control of some basic resources, economic planning and specific provisions to regulate foreign investment. Beyond that, economic integration will continue to be promoted and may eventually become a regional supranationalism.

New popular dictators or military juntas may rise in Latin America, but they will not shape the future. Two sets of political ideas may grow: Christian Democracy in Chile, Peru, Venezuela, El Salvador and Guatemala, and in Colombia when the present institutional arrangement comes to an end in 1974; Social Democracy, under different labels, in Venezuela, Uruguay, Costa Rica, and perhaps even Argentina in the future. The lesson of the present Christian Democrat government in Chile may be stronger in countries where the socio-economic gap is deeper. Land reform is there being promoted in the name of social justice, moral tradition and even religion—terms that cannot readily be dismissed as "Communist" by the landowners.

If on the other hand progress falls short of expectations, or the dividends of economic growth fall into the hands of the minority groups, guerrilla warfare and banditry could well proliferate. And they would thrive similarly if other Bays of Pigs or Santo Domingos are triggered off by every decision to nationalize a United States company. Latin America is about to end a long "siesta." Once fully awake, it will certainly demand its full share in the Western Hemisphere.

LETTER FROM BRITAIN

RAYMOND WILLIAMS
Mr. Williams is a Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. He is the author of Culture and Society, The Long Revolution, *and two novels,* Border Country *and* Second Generation.

According to reports, July was a bad month for Britain. We had an economic crisis and a political crisis, and on the heels of both a prolonged yapping and snarling, in several languages, about our national degeneracy. Certainly it was hard on the nerves of most of us living here, though there was also a ready-made and pleasant distraction, when England won the world football championship. What I think now needs saying is that the crisis was in many ways welcome: it can never be a wholly bad time for a society when some of its deeper and more dangerous illusions are publicly broken.

The first illusion to go was the Labour government. For a few days it simply fell to pieces, and it can now only wait for the sheer persistence of established power to pick it up again. For many years, in Britain as in most similar societies, there has been an extreme personalization of politics: all attention is concentrated on whether Wilson, or some similar figure, is the man to save us. Another form of this personalization is the character of modern political parties, projecting not so much policies as general characteristics and impressions. The cult of the image, in leaders and parties, has been the most obvious evidence of this. A more precise example is the language now used in political journalism: words like "dynamic," "abrasive," "courageous," "candid" have no discoverable political content, but are part of the process of personalization. Such qualities or their absence, in this man or that party, are supposed to provide the grounds for political decision.

Rational argument has made little headway against this

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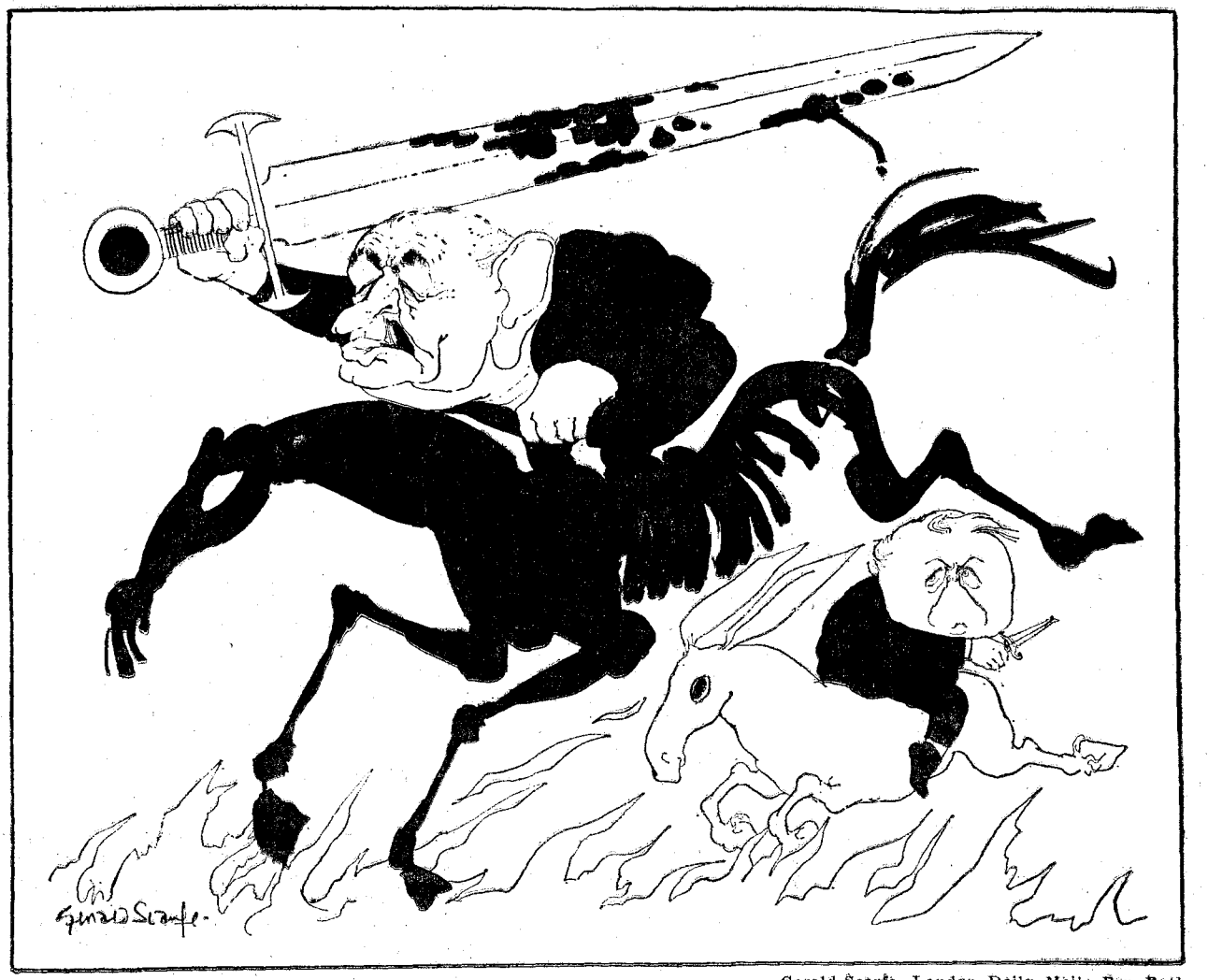
powerful process. But reality has now broken through, just a little. The most evident belief of the Labour leaders, when they took office, was that they were simply better men than the "tired, effete Conservatives." Were they not "young, vigorous, purposive"? Well, they may or may not have been, but it made little difference. Exactly like the Conservatives, and like all orthodox opinion, they failed to understand the actual crisis of the society. All they ever had were "postures": another word which, moving east across the Atlantic, was a consequence of personalization. There was then dramatic justice in what happened to Wilson and the others in July. They produced and must now defend the exact measures (in even more severe forms) which they had built their political careers by attacking. There is no need for anyone on the Left to say what is wrong with the wage freeze, the deliberate stagnation or cutback in production, the willing promotion of unemployment. It was all said, with great eloquence and on many occasions by Wilson himself, in his rise to the Labour leadership. Those dynamic and patriotic attacks on a policy are replaced by dynamic and patriotic defenses of the same policy: in each case, we are assured, Wilson showed his "guts."

Some people have reacted to this spectacle by talking about betrayal, but that is too simple. Certainly we can observe in such a man a remarkable degree of alienation. To be "purposive" about having no steady purpose is an extreme kind of dissociation. Yet the real lesson to be learned from the public collapse of these men cannot be put in personal terms at all. The important lesson is the breaking of a political model. To very many people, the British Labour Party has seemed a model for social democratic change in advanced societies. But we have now seen what happens to even a strong and experienced reformist party, within the pressures of modern imperialism and capitalism. What we might now be able to do is to look at the pressures themselves: that is, to get back to politics, and away from image politics. I think there is a chance of doing this, because one important factor in the recent crisis was the absence of any credible alternative political leaders. The neurotic reaction of turning to other idols to replace those fallen has not occurred. Nobody can say, and nobody is really saying: "If only Dynamic So-and-So were there, or Vigorous What-do-you-call-him, there would be no crisis."

What then is this crisis? Basically, it is a contradiction between the actual size of the British economy and the world-wide imperialist role which, under present circumstances, the British ruling class is still trying to play. It is not, in simple terms, an economic crisis at all. On ordinary trading account, Britain is already paying its way. The repeated deficit in overseas payments arises from expenditure of two kinds: first, military; second, capital investment



Gerald-Scarfe, London Daily Mail: Ben Roth

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abroad. If these two items could be substantially cut back, there would be no economic crisis. But to say that is naive. Each policy follows directly from the present character of British society as a whole. The capital investment abroad and the maintenance of the pound sterling as an international trading currency are in the direct interest of our most powerful commercial and financial groups. The extraordinary structure of debt and credit that has been raised around these interests imprisons any government, whatever its political program. To break free of this structure would be to break free of the central power of modern capitalism. A peripheral measure, like the proposed nationalization of steel, may still just be possible, although even here the pressure of foreign bankers can be mobilized against it. But on the central issues of British economic policy, the power of British financial interests is still decisive, especially when they can act in concert with the international banking world. The sterling crisis of July had no real causes in our general position. It was a turn of the screw, by the British and overseas financial community, to force a Labour government to control the British labor movement. As the labor movement, and especially the trade unions, fight back, the screw will undoubtedly be tightened again.

This sounds a familiar analysis from earlier periods. In all the recent years of phony politics there has been a steady abandonment, even by most Socialists, of what was once the central Socialist case. It is very easy, now, to sneer at "old, outdated Socialist slogans," but that, precisely, is the measure of the victory of capitalist opinion making. Our politics became superficial as a way of confining the democratic process to something like commercial sport or entertainment, with rival stars and teams, and endless nebulous publicity campaigns. That, incidentally, is why our New Left was right, back in the fifties, to identify publicity and opinion forming — the whole world of communications — as our most urgent social issue. Now what could not be finally demonstrated by argument is being demonstrated by public breakdown. We shall have to return to real issues and choices, or we shall destroy ourselves.

Yet this involves more than seeing the power and character of our controlling financial interests. It involves more, even, than trying to break those interests, in order to release the economy to serve our public interest as a whole. For it is perfectly clear that the issue is international. The subordination of Britain to a role in the economic and foreign policies of the United States Government is now pitifully clear. France, in coming to terms with its real post-imperial position, had to break, publicly, with American policy for France. There are many things wrong with contemporary France, but some of us in Britain look at that process with admiration and envy. Vietnam has been one turning point. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament —still the most effective single voice of the Left in Britain —has recently issued a policy statement which, beginning from the situation in and toward Vietnam, ends with the strongest call it has yet made for a break from the American alliance, and the withdrawal of American troops and bases from Britain. That is not going to happen for many years. Foreign policy is usually a difficult issue with which to shift British opinion. But the economic crisis is another matter, and its pressures point increasingly in the same direction. It will be a very rough autumn. Large groups of workers, from doctors to busmen and railwaymen, have been angered by the wage freeze, which includes a refusal to pay increases already agreed upon for specific future dates. And tempers are not improved when it is learned from the newspapers that this whole policy was undertaken on American advice. Meanwhile, on a wide front, the trade unions will in practice be fighting the government of the party they themselves created. They cannot be wholly beaten, but neither, with the government under severe international pressure, can they wholly win. Out of that frustration and deadlock a new political realism seems bound to come. The many cults of personality which have masked the crisis will be increasingly rejected. I do not mean that we shall break through in the next few years to a decisively rational politics, and to the necessary reorganization of our political system. That, indeed, will take a very long time. But it is fair to say that the current crisis is an important turning point. The complacent and bureaucratic slogan — "You Know Labour Government Works"—on which Wilson won in March is now just a joke, and nobody seems inclined to substitute any other magic-working phrase. This sort of government, under whatever names and labels, evidently doesn't work. And the beginnings of such an insight among widening groups of people may have made July, 1966, a very good month indeed for Britain.

LETTERS *(continued from page 170)*

a Governor's Conference on Aug. 4, 1953, when the French were fighting.

> Now let us assume that we [*sic*] lost Indo-China. If Indo-China goes, several things happen right away. The peninsula, the last bit of land hanging on down there, would be scarcely defensible. The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming. . . . So when the United States votes $400 million to help that war we are not voting a give-away program. We are voting for the cheapest way that we can to prevent the occurrence of something that would be of terrible significance to the United States of America, our security, our power and ability to get certain things we need from the riches of Indo-Chinese territory, and from Southeast Asia.

This is an incredibly blunt statement of American foreign policy, not only in Indo-China but in most of what are euphemistically called the developing countries. Welfare is made of stuff less stern. Jules Henry is quite correct when he says that the root of the war is the desire to extend the frontiers of U.S. investment in Asia, as he put it—Capital's Last Frontier. What is this war if not a frontier war, replete with good Indians and bad, in cosmic conflict? *David Levy*

still breathing

Seattle, Wash.

DEAR SIRS: In the essay by Jose Yglesias, "Pablo Neruda: The Poet in New York" [*The Nation*, July 11] I saw a common but regrettable error. The Industrial Workers of the World *are* still around. They maintain headquarters in Chicago and issue a monthly paper, the *Industrial Worker*. The group is small, isolated and probably dying. The "Wobblies" do live, however feebly. *George Arthur*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Getting the Message from Hanoi

HERE IS YOUR ENEMY. *By James Cameron. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 144 pp. $3.95.*

MISSION TO HANOI. *By Herbert Aptheker. International Publishers. 128 pp. $3.50. $1.25 paper.*

BERNARD B. FALL
Mr. Fall is the author of many studies on Indo-China. His most recent book is Vietnam Witness: 1953-66 *(Praeger).*

Hard and up-to-date news from Hanoi is not easy to come by these days. Hence, one should congratulate both authors and their associates—Aptheker traveled with Prof. Staughton Lynd of Yale and Tom Hayden of SDS; and Cameron traveled with a camera crew—for having made the trip in spite of all the difficulties. But that is where the similarities end: Cameron's book is good. Aptheker's is not.

The two authors' politics have nothing to do with my judgment, for I found Joseph Starobin's 1953 book on the French Indo-China war a valuable contribution to our knowledge of what went on on the "other side," and the same was also true, more recently, of Wilfred Burchett's book on his travels with the NLF. But Aptheker, the dean of American Marxist thinkers, here goes to what may be the next world war's Sarajevo—and what do we get? Some incredible platitudes read a hundred times before in Communist propaganda handouts.

Did Aptheker, as a Marxist theoretician, discuss the Sino-Soviet split with some of his very astute North Vietnamese counterparts? Did he discuss it with Chinese intellectuals on the way to Hanoi, or on the way from it? Did he meet any North Vietnamese "doves," or at least, were there several varieties of "hawks"? As for the rest, Aptheker is simply not a very good reporter. The "Liaison Committee" installed in Mme. Nhu's old villa is not identified further; though it could be either the committee for liaison with the tri-national International Control Commission, or the overt liaison office with the South Vietnamese NLF. The unidentified heroine of the NLF is the well known Mlle. Ta-Thi-Kieu. The wooden piles shown in the Historical Museum in Hanoi did not block Haiphong harbor in 800 A.D., but the Red River in 1287. And if Prime Minister Pham Van Dong's birthplace (it is the imperial capital of Hué, where his father was a senior mandarin) can be described as being "near Pleiku," then Washington could be described as being "near Muncie, Indiana."

A whole chapter is devoted to berating President ("Two-Bomb Harry") Truman, indicating that the author still has not recovered from the emotional scars of the McCarthy era, but it adds nothing to our knowledge of North Vietnam. It is a pity if Aptheker failed as badly in conveying to the North Vietnamese leaders the *real* mood in the United States as he does here in conveying to Americans the realities of what must be going on in North Vietnam.

The same cannot be said, fortunately, for Cameron. Here is a trained journalist, with a keen eye for the relevant detail and with background experience in North Vietnam during the French debacle (and there is no possibility of understanding Hanoi today unless one can make that comparison).

Cameron openly takes a stand on the war itself. He admits to his "galloping disenchantment with the Labour Party," and defines the "existing American-Vietnamese war [as] both imbecile and brutal, and . . . corrupting both sides." But all the requirements of sound reporting are met: names, places, verbatim quotations, and, above all, questions. *Time* did a particularly nasty job on Cameron, calling him a "conduit [*sic*] for North Vietnamese propaganda." While here and there Cameron displays a certain naïveté, that charge can be dismissed. Cameron recognizes the cute staging of a female-crewed antiaircraft battery, dismisses North Vietnamese claims of having shot down close to 1,000 American planes as "uncheckable," questions the standard line that the Hanoi regime had eliminated want and disease; and even tries to warn the North Vietnamese against an exaggerated belief in the power of the American peace wing to sway President Johnson from his charted path.

He eschews simple-minded anti-Americanism as he sympathetically describes an interview with a downed American pilot, and states an explanation of the consequences of American bombing which needs to be quoted in the light of our recent fear that American pilots were to be tried by Hanoi:

> I do not believe that the Americans set out to bomb homes and hospitals; if they had wished to do so it would have been extremely easy to do so. Nevertheless it is a fact that homes and hospitals have been destroyed by their bombs. I do not think the strategic thinkers of the United States Air Force intended to wage war on the peasants of North Vietnam; nevertheless they managed to kill quite a few.

That was a fact six months ago, and is a fact now, of course. In one of the few instances in which Aptheker provides useful information, he confirms from his own observation Cameron's account of the destruction in the large (over 100,000 inhabitants) textile town of Nam-Dinh, and in Thanh-Hoa. The point is *not,* at this juncture, that such targets should not have been hit at all—but that they *were hit,* albeit accidentally (if that was the case), and that this is being *denied* in Washington, at a time when dozens of Westerners have seen this destruction with their own eyes. It greatly adds to the credibility gap surrounding all official announcements connected with the war.

As for the net effect of the bombing raids, Cameron, with his British "blitz" experience, gives what promises to be a correct assessment when he says that North Vietnamese industrialization was not sufficiently advanced to engage more than 5 per cent of the population. Its destruction, therefore, would not affect the country as drastically as similar destructions would in the West, but he does not seem to have taken into consideration the possibility of bombing North Vietnam's major dike systems out of existence. When this was done in part in 1944-45 by the U.S. Air Force to keep the crop from going to the Japanese, 1 million Vietnamese starved to death in the North in the ensuing floods and the drought which followed. On July 11, the pro-American *L'Express* reported from Paris that between February and June, 1966, close to 500 small dikes allegedly were destroyed by bombings.

One incident in connection with the editing of the American edition of the book (it was originally published in Britain) bears telling. On page 109, Cameron spoke of a fuselage fragment marked "B-50." When I read the book in the British edition, I informed the publisher of the nonexistence of B-50s and suggested a check with the author. What-

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ever was done merely piled one mistake on top of another: the American version of the book now states "B-52," although no B-52 Stratofortresses have thus far operated that far north or were shot down. But the mystery of the "B-50" was suddenly cleared up for me when *The New York Times Magazine* of July 11 illustrated an article of mine on North Vietnam with a cover photo purchased from Cameron, which indeed shows a North Vietnamese carrying a plane fragment with the number ". . . 50" on it. The first number, which may have been an 8 or a 3, had broken in half, and Cameron had mistaken the American serial number of the aircraft as a type identification. But this does not absolve the editors for having let the author commit a historical "howler" on page 23, when he asserts that the Vietnamese were fighting the "Empire of Siam" 2,000 years ago: Siam emerged as a state only 700 years ago.

Such small lapses, however, in no way detract from the power of Cameron's personal observations, such as his interview with North Vietnamese Prime Minister Pham Van Dong. When questioned by Cameron on the effect of the bombings, Dong said: "I'm not acting when I say that I am obliged to cry—literally cry—at the suffering and the losses. And they will get worse, make no mistake. . . ."

There are few chiefs of government around these days who have the guts to admit they can still cry.

MAURICE SAMUEL

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Should Harlem 'Secede'?

FROM RACE RIOT TO SIT-IN: 1919 and the 1960s. *By Arthur I. Waskow. Doubleday & Co. 380 pp. $5.95.*

HOWARD ZINN

Mr. Zinn is the author of The Southern Mystique *(Knopf),* SNCC: The New Abolitionists *(Beacon), and a forthcoming volume,* New Deal Thought *(Bobbs-Merrill). He teaches courses in political theory and civil liberties at Boston University.*

Never has it been so necessary to penetrate and dissect the hypocrisy of this nation on the question of violence. Witness the alarm on all sides at the suggestion that a Negro under direct attack should defend himself (an idea not even radical enough to merit the term "civil disobedience"). And witness the limp acceptance of the Administration's assertion that dropping bombs on peasant villages and fishing boats on the other side of the world is an act of self-defense.

We need constantly to shuttle from one area of inquiry to another to gain the advantage of perspective. And this is one of the contributions of Arthur Waskow's thoughtful, probing book, *From Race Riot to Sit-In,* where the riots of 1919 and the demonstrations of the 1960s provide material for examining the larger problem of violence both in race relations and in world affairs.

Arthur Waskow is part of a growing group of young scholars who, refusing to stay in place, embody three qualities: excellence in professional skills (he is a historian); a personal commitment to social justice (Waskow has been in places where it counted); and a willingness to use the first on behalf of the second. His book, *A Worried Man's Guide to World Peace,* brought these traits to bear on international conflict. Since then, he and his colleagues at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington have done pioneering work in pointing scholarly research at important political problems.

From Race Riot to Sit-In should be read not as the culmination of Waskow's thinking but as one stage in the development of an important writer's view of social change. The book was written just before the Watts riot of 1965 and just before the rapid escalation of the war in Vietnam; its underlying concern that we need both social change and a minimization of violence is now even more pertinent.

The first part of the book is an account and analysis of the race riots of 1919 (there were twenty-five in that year), focusing on three major ones: in Washington, in Chicago and in rural Arkansas. In a "riot," Negroes respond violently to an immediate hurt or a long-standing one, and there are casualties on both sides. This is different from a "pogrom" (like the New York draft riots of 1863), where there is a one-sided attack by whites upon Negroes. The 1919 riots, coming after a long brutal period of lynching and helplessness (what Rayford Logan calls "the nadir") established, Waskow says, that Negroes would fight back.

He notes two other facts about the 1919 riots: the bias of the police, and the failure of the national government to act. That in 1966 both points remain substantially true stands as an indictment of the American way of life, for this way of life includes what academicians have fondly pointed to as shining medallions of liberal democracy: pluralism and federalism. Pluralism, under the guise of dispersing power, allows power to collect in the hands of multiple private elites, of which General Motors and the White Citizens Council are only two outstanding examples. Federalism, under the guise of "balance," has enabled every genial liberal in the Department of Justice—Robert Kennedy, Nicholas Katzenbach, Burke Marshall, the whole bunch—to stand aside while local police either committed or abetted violence to the point of murder.

There is a long line of legal fallacy and political cowardice, from Theodore Roosevelt (in the anti-Negro outbreaks of Statesboro, Ga., and Atlanta, Ga., 1904 and 1906), Woodrow Wilson (in the East St. Louis massacre of 1917) and Franklin D. Roosevelt (in his failure to push anti-lynch legislation), up to John F. Kennedy and now Lyndon Johnson. In all these cases, "federalism" was the disguise for unconcern. This was dramatized recently by the sight of deputy sheriff Cecil Price, whom the federal government itself accused of complicity in the triple murder of 1964, supervising the Negro march through Neshoba County in accord with Attorney General Katzenbach's faith that

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local police forces would keep the peace.

Arthur Waskow is interested in substituting violence for other means of effecting social change, and he finds this taking place in the 1960s. At that time, war had once again loosened the social fabric, and the Negro turned to a set of techniques, inaccurately and romantically labeled as "nonviolence," but much better described by Waskow's fine phrase, "creative disorder." I see this not as a "replacement" (for the riots continue) but as part of the Negro's wandering, frantic search for a solution. Clearly, the demonstrations of the 1960s have not been enough: the Negro remains subject to private violence and police brutality while the President looks away; the overwhelming majority of Negroes remain economically desperate and segregated in spite of poverty programs and civil rights laws.

Hence, the search continues. The federal government will probably not begin truly guarding Negroes against violence until they take arms for their own protection. This is the understanding behind the current talk about "self-defense" (which, Waskow reminds us, is a persistent theme in the history of Negro thought). And those drastic solutions which alone can reorganize and redistribute the immense wealth of this country will not emerge from friendly *Klatsches* at the White House, but in the formation of pockets of pressure outside, nourished by the anger of the dispossessed. The new talk of "black power" is, I think, an imperfect attempt to define this need; the racist implications which some people (on both sides) draw from this will fade only if a genuinely radical political program is clarified.

In the second half of his book, Waskow makes a start toward fulfilling that objective he talks of earlier, "to make the study of past issues illuminate present ones." He devotes brief, stimulating chapters to: various approaches to the double problem of injustice and violence; the role of the police; the demonstrations of the 1960s; the recent Harlem riots; the tactics of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party at the 1964 Democratic Convention. His final chapter, which is only a suggestive beginning, makes the jump to the international scene. There are no ready-made solutions, but he points to the problem: how to change the world without war.

Waskow's call for more thought on the techniques of "creative disorder" should be heeded. It should be evident by now that the normal processes of liberal compromise politics—voting, writing a letter to one's Congressman—are just enough to expiate middle-class guilt, but not nearly enough to change the status of the Negro to the point where he can both *be* and *feel* equal. Furthermore, even the demonstrative tactics of the 1960s only brought forth America's historic way of dealing with agitation: belated protestations of good will; a scurrying to pass some laws; a careful raking in of movement leaders by the grand croupier in the White House in order to swell the consensus and leave the malcontents outside.

Those left outside, if they can somehow avoid being crushed or dispersed, will have to go further. It is not simply a matter of increasing the quantity of disorder, because nothing is more disorderly than a riot. Yet its lasting value is small, for it is uncontrolled and has no follow-up; it is a release of fury followed by a calm restoration of the *status quo ante*. Somehow, the useful elements in "creative disorder" need to be identified, so they can be regrouped in imaginative new combinations.

For instance, demonstrations are most effective when they point silently to specific needs and specific solutions—when, by showing what is needed, they

Pacifism and Nonviolence

THE PACIFIST CONSCIENCE. *Edited by Peter Mayer. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 478 pp. $7.95.*

An anthology, world-wide in scope, dealing with the application of traditional nonviolent techniques to contemporary social problems and world peace. Peter Mayer concentrates on classic writings by Lao-tzu, Buddha and the early Christians, as well as historic and contemporary Western commentators from the early Quakers to Camus and Martin Luther King, Jr.

NONVIOLENCE IN AMERICA: A Documentary History. *Edited by Staughton Lynd. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 535 pp. $7.50.*

A remarkable collection by Prof. Staughton Lynd, a noted political activist in his own right, which clearly defines both the variety and the continuity of nonviolent idealism in the United States. Asserting that America "has more often been the teacher than the student of the nonviolent idea," he documents his thesis with selections from the Colonial Quakers, the abolitionists, the anarchists of the late 19th century, the pacifist progressives of the early 20th century, the militants of the American labor movement, and contemporary leaders of the modern peace and civil rights movements.

NEGRO PROTEST THOUGHT IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. *Edited by Francis L. Broderick and August Meier. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 444 pp. $7.50.*

A survey of the nonviolent approach to the modern American civil rights movement from Booker T. Washington and W.E.B. DuBois to Martin Luther King, Jr., Bayard Rustin and the "black power" controversy within the civil rights movement.

DOCUMENTS OF UPHEAVAL. *Edited by Truman Nelson. Hill & Wang. 294 pp. $5.95.*

An anthology from William Lloyd Garrison's *The Liberator,* illustrating Garrison's deep ethical commitment to abolition within the context of pacifism and the general issues of his time. Truman Nelson points out that "all the great questions of the day found utterance in *The Liberator:* Transcendentalism, the citizen's relation to the state, the right of resistance, the higher-law thesis, the pleas and reasons for freedom, the problem of individual versus collective action, violence versus nonviolence, women's rights. The genesis of the utopian-communist movement which, in the 1840's, brought to life some sixty or seventy colonies based on communal living is recorded more clearly in *The Liberator* than in any other source."

PRISON NOTES. *By Barbara Deming. Grossman Publishers. 185 pp. $4.95.*

Part of the famous Canada-to-Cuba interracial peace march of 1963-64, Barbara Deming and some thirty companions were imprisoned in Albany, Ga., for two months, during which they resisted the rigors of jail by fasting and other nonviolent techniques. The episode made a lasting impact upon the thinking of the Albany Movement and other nonpacifist Negro civil rights groups in the South, and helped to speed the integration of the peace cause into various civil rights programs. A graphic testimonial of the harrowing experiences of idealists in a primitive Southern jail, illustrated with on-the-scene photographs of the participants.

HENRY M. CHRISTMAN

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emotionally move both onlookers and participants. The sit-ins and Freedom Rides did this. So did those hungry, homeless Mississippi Negroes who last Christmas occupied empty Air Force buildings in Greenville. If people living in cold cubicles in Harlem would occupy those magnificently warm and clean buildings constructed downtown for advertising offices and insurance companies, if Washington Negroes would "move in" to the new House Office Building, if Roxbury Negroes would take up residence in the lavish and comfortable Prudential Building in Boston—it might point up the absurd expenditure of hundreds of millions for business enterprise and the neglect of human habitation.

Setting up *parallels* to unsatisfactory official bodies, and new ones where they are needed (right up to Congress, the Supreme Court and an international war crimes tribunal) has infinite possibilities. If Negroes set up their own "police force" in Philadelphia, Miss., the Attorney General might begin to rethink his narrow view of "federalism." If Harlem and Roxbury "seceded" (Warren Miller's book, *The Siege of Harlem*, should be taken at least half-seriously) and set up their own "government," it might bring worry —and action—in high places. Community-appointed citizens' committees could supervise police, set price controls, and otherwise try to counter the power of corporations and local government.

We need to single out what is potent in the idea of "disorder." It is not the volume of violence, for the history of man shows oceans of blood spilled with the most piteous results: it is the fabrication of situations where decision makers are forced to make difficult choices because power has been skillfully focused, and where they will surrender what is wanted because the alternative is even more undesirable. Such assaults—a kind of political guerrilla warfare—will bring recurring invitations (as now) to join the benign power holders. The problem is to resist being submerged in coalition, to build diverse nuclei of power until such time as the new forces are strong enough to be more than equal in the coalition.

All of this is random and primitive speculation on my part, in line with Arthur Waskow's exhortation to think about the tactics of "creative disorder." We will need far more creativity in the quest for new ways of disturbing the Establishment. And this will require a joint effort of concerned intellectuals and those whose daily lives supply the passion for a new politics of protest.

Paradoxical American Radical

HINTON ROWAN HELPER: Abolitionist-Racist. *By Hugh C. Bailey. Southern Historical Publications No. 7. University of Alabama Press. 241 pp. $6.95.*

EUGENE D. GENOVESE

Associate professor of history at Rutgers University, Mr. Genovese is the author of The Political Economy of Slavery *(Pantheon). He is a member of the editorial boards of* Studies on the Left *and* The Journal of Social History.

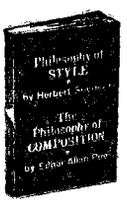
At first glance it seems curious that radical and Left-liberal historians, so many of whom have made a tiresome career out of resurrecting heroes for the Pantheon of the American Opposition, have overlooked Hinton Rowan Helper. Helper (1829-1909) was the antebellum South's most militant anti-slavery radical. Professor Bailey, in this able study of his career —there is not enough material available for a full biography—describes him as "a statistical fanatic, abolitionist, militant racist, Republican propagandist, ardent patriot, international railway projector, and promoter of inter-American co-operation"; he might have added, on the strength of the evidence he has so skillfully organized, "imperialist, religious bigot and American chauvinist." Perhaps the negative side explains the chariness of Left historians in claiming him, but for better or worse he is surely one of their own. These paradoxes may be treated as the attributes of a peculiar individual; to his credit, Bailey properly assigns them no less to Helper's class and regional moorings.

Helper grew up in a yeoman family in the Federalist-Whig small-farm region of North Carolina. He attended elementary school and then went to work for a storekeeper; he was, in short, largely self-educated. In 1850 he left North Carolina for New York, where the acquisitive and Philistine predilections of his lower-middle-class origins were greatly reinforced. To the end of his bustling life he remained a Southern yeoman who had liberated himself from the plantation ideology and thrown himself unreservedly into the virtuous world of bourgeois success and progress.

Helper's fame flows from his book, *The Impending Crisis of the South: How to Meet It* (1857), which to this day deserves to rank as one of the harshest calls to class war ever written. The burden of its argument lies in its economic indictment of slavery and in its insistence that the non-slaveholding whites were the system's worst victims.

Before writing *The Impending Crisis*, Helper left New York in quest of California gold. He failed but did get a chance to see something of South and Central America en route to the West Coast. In California, as in Latin America, he judged everything and everyone through shocked puritanical eyes. Confronted with frontier violence, he recoiled at the disorder and, in the best American tradition, soon became a partisan of Judge Lynch and the frontier's own version of the Higher Law. As Bailey trenchantly observes: "None of the disgust he found in the brutality of the bull fight was present when he saw swift justice administered to renegade human beings." (It is remarkable how very much alike Americans of all political persuasions are during such moments—how very American!)

Returning east via Nicaragua, Helper became convinced of the necessity of an isthmian canal and became one of its earliest champions. Back in North Carolina he pursued this interest in national and international economic progress in a book about his California experience, *The Land of Gold, Reality versus Fiction.* The book was somewhat self-serving and displayed some of the unfairness that was to characterize everything he wrote; it was nonetheless a useful corrective to the absurdly optimistic reports then abounding about California. Two features of the book are of special interest. Helper dismissed the gold boom as a passing affair and linked the state's development to the completion of a transcontinental railway, the development of harbors and the



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HATRED OF MEN WITH BLACK HAIR

I hear voices praising Tsombe, and the Portuguese
In Angola, these are the men who skinned Little Crow!
We are all their sons, skulking
In Back rooms, selling nails with trembling hands!

We distrust every person on earth with black hair;
We have men overturning governments;
We train natives to kill Presidents with blowdarts;
We have men loosening the nails on Noah's ark.

The State Department floats in the heavy jellies near the bottom
Like exhausted crustaceans, like squids who are confused,
Sending out beams of black light to the open sea,
Fighting its fraternal feeling for the great landlords.

We send violet rays that light up the friendly populations;
We are teaching the children of ritual, the forest
Children, to overcome their longing for life, and we send
Sparks of black light that fit the holes in the generals' eyes.

Underneath all the cement of the Pentagon
There is a drop of Indian blood preserved in snow:
Preserved from a trail of blood that once led away
From the stockade, over the snow, the trail now lost.

ROBERT BLY

growth of a many-sided commercialism. This concern with steady, diversified industry, rather than money crops, carried over into his indictment of slavery. That indictment made a brief, cautious appearance in the manuscript of *The Land of Gold*, but was removed in deference to the sensibilities of his Southern publisher. Thus, when *The Impending Crisis* appeared in 1857, it was a great shock to his Southern friends, who may or may not have known of his anti-slavery bias but who could not have suspected its extremity, much less the sense of bitter personal involvement.

Helper again went north, this time to write *The Impending Crisis*, which appeared in 1857, was reissued in 1860, and in between (1859) was brought out in a popular abridgment or *Compendium*. The second edition and the *Compendium* toned down some of the radicalism of language and content, especially the proposal for taxing slaveholders for each slave instead of compensating them. With this modest concession to the moderates, the book could and did serve as a campaign document for the Republican Party in 1860. Its sponsorship cost Rep. John Sherman of Ohio the speakership in a bitter contest in 1859-60 that greatly inflamed sectional passions. That fight demonstrated Southern alarm over Helper's message, as did the widespread arrests, expulsions and violence committed against Southerners caught reading or distributing the book.

And the message of this dangerous book? *The Impending Crisis*, as Bailey says, was "both an economic comparison of Northern and Southern society . . . and a militant abolitionist document demanding uncompensated emancipation." It was quite appropriately dedicated to "The Non-Slaveholding Whites of the South." In essence, Helper described the Southern economy as colonial and charged that the mass of the people had slipped into poverty and degradation. The cause he found in slavery, which drove whites off the best land, degraded labor and encouraged idleness, tied up capital in an inefficient labor force, retarded the development of markets, and kept the people in ignorance.

Helper's solution was delightfully straightforward. The slaveholders had robbed the helpless, inferior Negroes for generations and had indirectly exploited the white masses. They richly deserved anything meted out to them in punishment, and he hinted that if "the lords of the lash" resisted, little mercy ought to be shown them. Still, the issue ought to be resolved peacefully if possible. He advocated immediate, uncompensated emancipation, removal of the blacks to Africa or Haiti, and a tax on every slaveholder to pay for the removal. Then the South could be returned to the democratic white masses who, freed from slavery's stifling effects, could develop the economic and social life of the region. The whites had been asleep. Helper's call to class war was meant to rouse them and prepare them for their high destiny: "Where free thought is treason, the masses will not long take the trouble to think at all."

There are two sides to Helper's particular anti-slavery bent. Bailey subtly makes his reader aware of both, but his discussion stops where it might have begun. "Essentially," Bailey writes, "Helper was seeking to stimulate the small farmers and laborers of the South to conduct the type of revolt which the Tillmans, Bleases, and Longs led in later generations." Second, as Bailey demonstrates in his treatment of the postwar years, Helper hoped to raise the South to a major place in an expanding American empire. He thus formed a counterpart to the Sewards, who dreamed of such an empire and saw the slave power as an obstacle to national unity and consolidation. For much of the anti-slavery movement, North and South, the emancipation of the Negro was a necessary prelude to the establishment of American world hegemony. Yet Bailey is not altogether fair in linking Helper to the demagogic leaders of the New South's white Democracy. In their day the power of Northern capital over the South was firm, and they had no answer for it. Their raucous polemics against the Black Belt aristocracy and the money power ended, at best, in paltry reforms bought at the price of discouraging badly needed capital investment. They inherited backwardness and passed it on to their children after first annointing it with Negrophobic holy water and small doses of white welfare. When Helper wrote, Northern capital had not yet swept everything before it; in effect, he hoped the Southern yeomen would carry through a bourgeois revolution sufficiently thorough to allow the South to confront the North as an equal and a partner. He was a true radical. And simultaneously he was a prophet of American imperialism. He was a true liberal democrat. And simultaneously he was a fanatical racist. If these are contradictions, we shall have to make the best of them, for they define Helper and much of the South's yeoman democracy, much as their equivalents define America's ambiguous democratic tradition, which has ever been imperialist, racist and brutal, while it has simultaneously propelled the world to new heights of material progress and personal freedom.

As early as 1861, Helper planned to write a book to persuade Americans to expel Negroes from their national life. While serving as consul at Buenos Aires during the war, he decided that the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic peoples had to take over Latin America. His stay also convinced him—if he needed further convincing—that Catholicism was a blight on the world and that the spread of Anglo-Saxon power would alone be justified by the attendant spread of Protestantism. By 1867

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he was ready with his indictment of the Negro race.

Nojoque, A Question for the Continent presented the case for Negro inferiority and the justification of Negro expulsion. A year later he brought out *The Negroes in Negroland,* which claimed to prove scientifically the savagery of the Africans. In 1877, Helper stopped in Dakar for six hours and found, during this exhaustive investigation, final proof that Africans were beyond redemption. By this time he was not quite an advocate of genocide; he thought that rigid segregation and the workings of natural laws would lead to the disappearance of this inferior race.

It is worth noting that racist views like those of Helper were harshly denounced by the Southern ruling class before and after the war. The abolitionists, wrote the brilliant pro-slavery theorist, George Fitzhugh, in the 1850s, do not desire the liberation of the Negro but his extermination. How, he asked, do they propose to take care of a people that the country manifestly does not want? How do they propose to have these people survive in a market place for which they are not fitted and in which they are not welcome? (These are still good questions.) Helper's postwar rantings ran into scornful reviews in traditional Southern circles, despite the support they lent the fight against the radical Republicans. No Christian, wrote one distinguished conservative, could tolerate such brutal disregard of a defenseless people. It is, in any case, a depressing fact that the onward march of liberal democracy in the South has been a racist march for as long as we have record. The hands of the upper classes and their conservative spokesmen have been drenched with black blood, but for all that, whatever sense of racial unity the South has, or has ever had (if we exclude a brief moment in the early history of Populism), has formed part of its conservative tradition.

Helper's later career by no means was a simple capitulation to reaction. He insisted on making life hard for us. Thus he attacked the growth of monopoly, advocated civil service reform, and supported the National Labor Union. While engaging in these praiseworthy activities, he found time to continue his Negro baiting and his anti-Catholicism (perhaps to the discomfort of his Argentinian Catholic wife), to call for a grand imperialist program to absorb all North and Central America, and to attempt to win official support for his Three-Americas Railway.

The Three-Americas Railway proved his personal undoing. By 1899 he was virtually bankrupt from having sunk his fortune into attempts to promote the line, which in a sense was an early version of the Pan-American Highway. By then he was almost blind, and his wife and son left him to return to Buenos Aires. Finally, in 1909, alone and forgotten, a tired and clearly paranoid old dreamer, he took his own life. Poor Helper came too soon: American imperialism did not yet need ideologues with radical credentials.

Of his farsighted railway scheme Bailey writes: "To Helper, this was the means to an end—the one way to destroy the inferior, non-Caucasian, Catholic civilization of Latin America and replace it with the sort of people and culture which predominated in the United States." There we have it: Helper by no means proceeded from radicalism to reaction. There was in his earliest and most determined radicalism always a prevailing fascination for the *mystique* of national expansion and hegemony. Even his acute racism was only one part of a greater white American chauvinism. If we have one "lesson" to draw from the embittered life of this talented, brave, and in his own way principled man, it is the sad awareness of how little modern crusades for reform, or even revolution, are worth when they remain within the grasp of that most alluring, deceptive and sophisticated of whores—The National Interest.

Goat Gambit at the University

GILES GOAT-BOY. *By John Barth. Doubleday & Co. 710 pp. $6.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

John Barth's literary stock is currently high. He is getting the full treatment — small-magazine articles, interviews, questionnaires — by the literary/journalistic establishment. To Leslie Fiedler, for example, Barth seems "the best, the most achieved" in the new generation of American novelists. The judgment is based upon the solid achievements of his first three novels, *The Floating Opera* (1956), *The End of the Road* (1958) and *The Sot-Weed Factor* (1960). Barth's new novel, *Giles Goat-Boy or, The Revised New Syllabus,* is an attempt to extend his vision in a bizarre stylistic construct. This ambitious work again calls into question the high evaluation of his stock. Where it was solid, preferred, it may now seem inflated, overextended.

Barth is a novelist of ideas who has consistently undercut the validity of basing human behavior too closely upon intellectual preconceptions. In Barth's first novel, Todd Andrews decides his life (law) and love (cuckolding) are without meaning. Logically, he decides to commit suicide. However, circumstances teach him that pure logic is deficient; while there is no reason not to kill himself there is, on the other hand, no reason why he should. On this slim thread of paradox he lives. The logical Joe Morgan, of Barth's second novel, is balanced by the near-mad narrator, Jacob Horner. Morgan urges his wife, Rennie, to follow his reasoning and make love to Horner who, in turn, urges on her the wisdom of his heart. Between them she is destroyed. In his third novel Barth breaks from naturalism—*The Sot-Weed Factor* is a vast, surrealistic reapprehension of historical reality—but not from the thematic concerns of rationalism/irrationalism. Ebenezer Cooke tries to confront the absurdities of 18th-century colonial reality by adhering to an inflexible persona, The Chaste Poet, and finds that he must give up both chastity and poetry before he can win love or art. In each case intellectual preconception gives way under the press of circumstances. Logic yields to paradox.

These areas are extended in *Giles Goat-Boy*. The setting is not naturalistic; this is another world which reflects, by refraction, our own. The universe is The University in this, the penultimate academic novel. (Those critics who feared that our novelists in residence might suffer from insufficient contact with the "real" world are here told that the central reality of American life *is* the University, the largest American industry.) After Campus Riots I and II, West Campus and East Campus are locked in a Quiet Riot preserved by a balance of terror between WESCAC (West Campus Automatic Computer) and EASCAC, self-programing machines with the power to EAT the whole University in a computer holocaust. Students talk of Graduation; some believe in it, some don't. Years are semesters, the earth is the campus and the ultimate put-down is "Flunk you!" These are the terms the novel lives in. An engaging young man decides to venture forth from his province, the goat farm where he was raised, and Matriculate. He will be a man, not a goat; he will be a savior, he decides, and descend into the Belly of WESCAC to change its AIM and, thus, free all studentdom for Commencement. "I'm going to be a hero," he says. Like Barth's other heroes he develops an intellectual position to fulfill his role. "I declared that

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the first reality of life on campus must be the clear distinction between Passage and Failure, the former of which was always and only passèd, the latter flunked." This results in chaos on campus so he develops another stance; he discovers "the only true Passage-Way. Embrace!" Obliterate all distinctions and affirm a "seamless University."

His second idea is not much more successful than the first. Though he descends three times into the Belly of WESCAC, remains UNBEATen and has disciples who preach his doctrine—*The Revised New Syllabus* is its testament—his savior role is undercut. The novel ends with the 33-year-old Goat-Boy approaching nihilism. "Cycle on cycles, ever unwinding: like my watch; like the reels of this machine [a tape records and WESCAC compiles the narration of the novel] like the University itself. Unwind, rewind, replay." The Goat-Boy's linear heroic quest of salvation has ended in the ambiguities of circular repetition. Once again the theoretical formulations of potential human heroes are qualified by the irrational realities of circumstances. Ideas can no more contain the University than they could hold the worlds of Barth's early novels.

Giles Goat-Boy echoes analogues from the tradition of epic heroes. Giles (Grand-Tutorial Ideal, Laboratory Eugenical Specimen) redefines the quests of Odysseus, Aeneas, Christ and Dante in his own terms. The central heroic comparison is Oedipus. Giles attends a performance of *The Tragedy of Taliped Decanus*, which is a witty "imitation" of *Oedipus Rex*, given in University terms. "Cadmus College has gone to pot"; Taliped is "hung up again with riddles!" Like Oedipus he wonders "who the flunk *am* I" and learns, at great cost. The chorus underlines the price of heroic endeavor by warning the audience that "every silver lining has a cloud." Like Taliped, Giles wins self-definition but brings new troubles to his land.

To place Barth's effort in quite different terms we could see Giles in relation to the polar definitions of the contemporary American hero in Bellow's *Herzog* and Mailer's *An American Dream*. By protracted actions and desperate self-analysis Herzog attains equipoise; by frenetic actions (murder, anal eroticism) and spasmodic reflections Jack "Raw Jock" Rojack creates himself anew. Barth draws a hero who combines painful introspection ("self-knowledge is always bad news," Giles is told) and apocalyptic sex with both goats and girls to penetrate the final reality. As Dante saw God with Beatrice's help, Giles has Anastasia—his Disciple of Innocence—in the Belly of WESCAC and experiences a climactic vision. " 'Wonderful!' I cried. For though the place was lightless. . .

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in Anastasia I discovered the University whole and clear."

The novel lives not in just such lofty analogues. *Everything* is here, high and low—from the *Divine Comedy* to *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*—as though Joyce lived again. Lucius Rexford, Chancellor, combines the daily beauty of Kennedy with the pompous moderation of Eisenhower. Peter Greene, who will play Peter to Giles's Christ, is a combination of Huck Finn (sexier than Huck, he makes it with Old Black George's daughter) and Milo Minderbinder, of *Catch-22*, who makes a buck from war. Ira Hector is another Goldwater: "charity be flunked . . . every man for himself!" Giles first sees Anastasia standing by water, holding up her dress in an echo of Stephen's *Portrait* epiphany; but Anastasia has it *all* the way up, escutcheon bared. She is not only Beatrice but Candy too, ready to give it away to make anybody happy. Even her oh-gee diction echoes Candy: "I don't *like* this Conscious Depravity business. It's been a *very* upsetting day!" Anastasia says. While Barth has gone to the classical tradition to give substance to his hero's quest, he has not neglected the rutty vernacular and wit which give vitality to American fiction. This background helps set Giles's quest as classically heroic, and black-humored, anti-heroic at the same time. He tries to be another, better Christ (Enos Enoch), while still "a goat, a gimp, Chance's ward and creature."

This, then, is Barth's intention in *Giles Goat-Boy*, to create a not so brave new world in a witty, grandly imagined construct. Within the limits of The University—"no program in Herohood was listed in the Undergraduate Catalogue"—Giles wins self-definition as a not quite successful savior. Barth's execution of this intention, however, is another matter. He seems so absorbed by the intellectual superstructure of his house of fiction, themes and analogues that he often neglects to create a surface, pleasing in its own right. He insists that we break through surface too quickly. For all the outrageous happenings we are less involved in what occurs—as we are, say, in *The Odyssey*—than with what it all *means*—as with *The Aeneid*. Except for Giles, Barth's characters remain factors in an ideographic pattern. Asceticism balances with Appetitiveness, Depravity with Vulnerable Magnanimity, Scapegoatery with Innocence, and so on. Events in the novel too clearly parallel or exactly contradict Giles's momentary intellectual stance. Barth, like his own heroes, overvalues ideas. If it is an intellectual's sentimentality to think that ideas make things happen, isn't it equally mistaken to tie the novel too tightly to the tail of ideas? Barth's style seems to ignore his own thematic conclusions. Despite his inventiveness he never allows the surface reality of his novel to take off on a life of its own. Because ideas are primary they become tedious, more argument than vision in over 700 weighty pages.

Barth has expressed high praise for Jorgé Luis Borges' *Ficciones* as "the most memorable" work of the past ten years "because the most technically and metaphysically sympathetic to my own musings." But Borges works in miniatures, embodying metaphysics in brief, biting parables. "Why take five hundred pages," Borges asks, "to develop an idea whose oral demonstration fits into a few minutes?" *Giles Goat-Boy* would have benefited if Barth had either taken this advice or subsumed his ideas in a more persuasive narrative line.

Despite its problems *Giles Goat-Boy* remains a vast, rich effort by a major writer. However this work affects his literary stock it should be read by anyone concerned with the wide-ranging scope and vitality of contemporary American fiction. If, in this novel, ideas get the better of Barth he should be judged by the ambitious manliness of his wrestling with a central creative problem as well as by his fall.

Theatre: The Midwest

JULIUS NOVICK

On July 13 of this year, Mayor Daley announced plans for a new resident professional theatre in Chicago, to cost between $5-$10 million, and to be in operation within three years. It's about time. People are accustomed to thinking of Chicago (with its Art Institute, its symphony orchestra, its opera company, its commercial theatres and cabarets) as the cultural and entertainment capital of the Midwest, but several attempts to start a resident professional theatre there have failed. Meanwhile, a resident theatre has turned the flat town of Minneapolis into a cultural center of national importance, and from Cincinnati to Winnipeg resident theatres are becoming fixtures in the lives of small but growing percentages of the local citizenry.

Cincinnati has had its Playhouse in the Park since 1960, when a little pavilion in Eden Park was turned into a neat thrust-stage theatre: an indoor auditorium surrounded by porches and lawns that serve as lobbies. Located on top of a steep hill overlooking the city, the Playhouse is difficult to reach except by car; this tends, of course, to cut it off from poorer Cincinnatians, but nearly all resident theatres, however easy of access, are middle- and upper-class institutions (except for their student programs). And since the Playhouse runs at something better than 95 per cent of capacity, it is reaching all the people it can presently cope with. It will shortly begin a campaign to raise $800,000 for a new 600-seat theatre (the present one seats 227). The projected theatre will not, for a change, be part of a new performing arts center downtown; it will be located in Eden Park, adjacent to the old theatre (which will be kept for small-scale productions).

Since Eden Park is probably the pleasantest place in Cincinnati on a summer evening, the Playhouse season very logically extends from April through August. But Brooks Jones, who runs the theatre, does not consider it his function merely to provide light summer entertainment. This year he opened with *Man and Superman*, which was followed by a double bill of *Benito Cereno*, from Robert Lowell's trilogy *The Old Glory*, and Edward Albee's *The American Dream*: a witty coupling, since Lowell's play (based on the novella by Herman Melville) is also concerned with the ambiguities of the American Dream. When *Charley's Aunt* opened in July—as a sort of breather between the American première of Giraudoux's *Sodom and Gomorrah*, and the American première of *Eh?* by the British writer Henry Livings—the Playhouse was attacked in a local paper for letting down its standards and allowing frivolity and escapism to creep in. But there are standards in farce as in anything else, and *Charley's Aunt*, with its combination of sure-fire hilarity and Victorian charm, is one of the best.

The Playhouse gave *Charley's Aunt* a happy production. True, the juveniles, though pleasant enough, somewhat lacked crispness. True, one of the ingénues seemed to be doing an introverted Method-thing that had a certain hesitant charm, but had nothing to do with this brisk and extrovert play. True, several members of the cast were unable to manage an English accent, though this should be part of the equipment of any well-trained actor. But David Hooks's staging—choreography, really—was beautifully deft, and so was Ed Zang's performance as the Oxford undergraduate who is forced to disguise himself as Charley's aunt.

Until the new theatre opens, the Playhouse must be a small-scale operation. Its budget this season is only about $100,-

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000: one of the smallest resident-theatre budgets in the country. (It can expect to take in only about $90,000 at the box office.) But I saw no signs of skimping, except on the men's costumes in *Charley's Aunt*. The auditorium is pleasant, the stage looked well (thanks to the ingenuity of scenic designer Douglas W. Schmidt) and Mr. Jones has some good actors working for him (though he could use a few more).

Gradually, the Playhouse is expanding its activities. In the fall, if plans work out, a "battle group" of five actors, a director and a designer from the Playhouse will be in residence at the University of Cincinnati; the university in turn will assign four graduate students to work at the Playhouse during the spring. The Rockefeller Foundation may finance this project. Then in the fall of 1968, the Playhouse, in cooperation with the local Board of Education, will present a repertory of three plays in the new theatre for high school students from all over the area. The program is designed, says Brooks Jones, to get the students "as close to theatre as they get to football."

Except for the Alley Theatre in Houston, the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre has a longer history than any resident professional company between Cleveland and the Pacific Coast. Founded in 1954 by a group of Milwaukee citizens, it was originally called the Fred Miller Theatre, after a local civic leader. Until 1961 it presented commercial Broadway plays with visiting stars. Then, says the theatre's publicity handout, "it was decided to convert the Fred Miller into a professional resident theatre, a new and exciting kind of theatre gaining great popularity in several larger cities in the United States." In other words, it had become apparent in Milwaukee that the day of the resident professional theatre, presenting the classics and serious modern plays, had at last arrived.

Nowadays the MRT's audience prefers the standard resident-theatre plays: *Uncle Vanya, Six Characters in Search of an Author, Tartuffe, Mother Courage,* anything by Shakespeare. *Oh Dad, Poor Dad* and the musical *Once upon a Mattress* both did poorly, but so did the American première of Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantagleize*. This season, in its 346-seat theatre (a converted movie house in a residential district), the MRT played to about 80 per cent of capacity; in 1968, it will move into a new 550-seat theatre in the inevitable center for the performing arts. (As the Mayor said, in proclaiming Milwaukee Repertory Theatre Week: "The Milwaukee Repertory Theatre increases Milwaukee's prestige and competitive stature among other cities which recognize theatre as an important community asset not only for its own citizens but for attracting industry. . . .")

The MRT's productions of *Uncle Vanya* and *Mother Courage* have been greatly admired by visiting critics; in the production I saw there of *The Glass Menagerie*, however, all four parts had been miscast. *The Glass Menagerie* was directed by John A. McQuiggan, at that time the producer of the MRT. Before rehearsals began, however, it had been announced that he would not renew his contract; he is now with the Trinity Square Theatre in Providence. Tunc Yalman has recently been appointed artistic director of the MRT; presumably he will be making changes.

Winnipeg, Manitoba, is Canada's seventh largest city, with a population of 265,429 at the last census (487,000 in Greater Winnipeg). Located far out on the prairies, it is cut off from the rest of the world by blizzards in the winter, floods in the spring and sheer distance at any time. What is not available there, in the way of culture, is available nowhere for hundreds of miles; by the same token, Winnipeg's cultural institutions must function as a life line to the outside world, alleviating the city's sense of isolation, enlivening the gloom of those long winter nights. It cannot be easy to run a resident professional theatre out there in the middle of nowhere, but such a theatre is in a position to make a greater difference to the life of its community than could a theatre in a city like, say, Philadelphia.

In the summer of 1958, the Winnipeg Little Theatre, an amateur group that had recently acquired an old movie house as a home, and Theatre 77, a fledgling professional group, decided to merge. They called the new organization the Manitoba Theatre Centre: "Centre" because it "was meant to be more than a theatre"; it was to "become a focus for all theatrical energy and resources in our community." The Centre has been true to this purpose. In addition to major productions in the large theatre and experimental productions in a small studio theatre, its activities now include an annual tour, which this year took *The Fantasticks* to Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat and twelve other towns in the three prairie provinces; another touring company that gave 140 performances at schools in the Winnipeg area; yet another touring company (this one not initiated by the MTC, but merely sponsored by the MTC in Manitoba) that brings French-speaking theatre to English-speaking high schools; a High School Drama Festival that this year included groups speaking English, French, German and Hebrew; the Manitoba Theatre School, which has a program of guidance visits and workshops for high school drama groups, as well as some hundreds of students of its own; a scholarship program to send talented Manitobans to the National Theatre School of Canada to prepare for professional careers; and a children's theatre that has presented half a dozen new plays. All these activities require a budget of $540,000; only about $225,000 comes in from the box office (the 828-seat theatre operates at an average of about 60 per cent of capacity), but government subsidies and private contributions make up the difference.

Unlike nearly all American theatres, the MTC does not cast its productions from the New York talent pool; it relies on Canadian actors. Several leading members of the acting company at the Stratford, Ontario, Shakespeare Festival—as good a company as exists on this continent—spend some part of the winter season at the MTC. This year for the first time the connection became official. The last two plays on the MTC schedule this spring were replaced by *Nicholas Romanov*, a new work about the Russian Revolution by a young American playwright named William Kinsolving, and *The Dance of Death* by Strindberg. *Nicholas Romanov* was directed by Michael Langham and *Dance of Death* by Jean Gascon, the artistic director and the associate director of the Stratford Festival. The plan was to move both productions to Stratford this summer. *Nicholas Romanov*, which I saw in Winnipeg, was the most lavish and expensive production in the MTC's history. It looked splendid, albeit a bit cramped, on the MTC's stage, and it was well acted by William Hutt as Czar Nicholas, Frances Hyland as the Empress Alix and Leo Ciceri as Rasputin. (All three are Stratford regulars, but all three had appeared at the MTC previously.) The play was an uninspired but competent chronicle; its central point is that Czar Nicholas was not an evil but a very ordinary man caught in a situation that was too much for him, and the dramatist did not altogether avoid the obvious danger involved in writing a play about a very ordinary man. *Nicholas Romanov* never got to Stratford; another play about the Russian Revolution was produced there instead.

The formal connection between Winnipeg and Stratford may or may not be resumed; the informal connection will undoubtedly continue. John Hirsch, until last January the MTC's artistic director, has directed at Stratford for the past two seasons, and has been mentioned as a possible successor to Michael Langham as artistic director there. (Mr. Langham has declared his intention of leaving after the 1967 season.) Mr. Hirsch is a remarkable man. He came to Winnipeg from

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Hungary in 1948, a 17-year-old refugee orphan; ten years later he became one of the founders of the MTC. I shall report in a future issue on his excellent production of *Henry VI* at Stratford this summer.

In the past, the MTC's choice of repertory has been somewhat timorous; it has produced *The Solid Gold Cadillac, The Fourposter, Once More with Feeling* and a number of other commercial scripts. But it has also done, in eight seasons, three original Canadian plays and a Canadian revue as regular productions (and several more original plays in its studio theatre); few American theatres have been willing to take even that many chances with new plays. The Winnipeg audience does not seem particularly receptive to pap: the hit of the 1964-65 season was *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* which did 97 per cent of capacity; *Mother Courage* did a respectable 81 per cent. This past season, the most popular production was *The Threepenny Opera*; the Canadian première production of *Andorra,* Max Frisch's play about anti-Semitism, was not far behind. *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Tempest* also did well; *The Private Ear* and *The Public Eye,* the season's only concession to *Kitsch,* did not.

Edward Gilbert, who took over from Mr. Hirsch as artistic director, proposes "to lead and not follow. . . . I'm being paid, amongst other things," he says, "to offer people experiences which they are unlikely to undergo if I weren't here." So it appears that the MTC will continue to provide its patrons with a meatier diet than it dared to offer them in its earlier years.

It is astonishing, when you come to think of it, that nearly all the resident theatres were founded by people of whom nobody had ever heard, except perhaps in limited local circles. Without the resources of professional prestige, the founders were forced to begin on a very small scale, with small budgets, small, makeshift quarters, small audiences and small companies of obscure actors; most resident theatres remain small-scale operations. The great exception to all this is the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre of Minneapolis.

The co-founder and for three years the artistic director of the Guthrie was Sir Tyrone Guthrie himself. Guthrie had had experience in starting new theatres; in 1953, after decades of success at the Old Vic, at Sadler's Wells, at Covent Garden, at Stratford-on-Avon, at the Edinburgh Festival, in the West End, on Broadway, at the Metropolitan Opera, in Tel Aviv, in Helsinki, and elsewhere, he had helped to found the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford, Ontario, and had made it one of the foremost theatres in the English-speaking world. His partners in the Minneapolis venture were Oliver Rea, a Broadway producer, and Peter Zeisler, a stage manager and theatre technician. All three had been successful in the commercial theatre, and all three had had just about enough of it. They determined to found a resident professional theatre somewhere in America, and invited applications from interested cities.

To bring Guthrie and his partners to Minneapolis, local citizens raised more than $2 million for a 1,437-seat theatre. (This would be the capacity of a large Broadway house; some resident theatres, even today, have less than 250 seats, and none is as large as the Guthrie.) For the first season in 1963, a company of forty-two actors was recruited; at its head were Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, George Grizzard and Rita Gam. Almost 22,000 season tickets were sold before the theatre opened, and the total paid attendance for the first season was 193,344; the operating budget was $715,000. The following year, the attendance passed the quarter-million mark, and in 1965 the theatre had its first million-dollar budget. There is some reason to believe that the Guthrie has helped Minneapolis to think of itself as a metropolis. It may be coincidence, but the presence of the Guthrie seems to have stimulated other theatrical enterprises in the Twin Cities. The Old Log Theatre, which had been producing Broadway scripts with an Equity company for many years, did better business during the Guthrie's first season than it had done in any previous summer. Theatre St. Paul, an amateur company, had been operating since 1956; in the fall of 1964 it moved into an auditorium in the new St. Paul Arts and Sciences Center, and "went Equity." After two seasons, however, Theatre St. Paul ran out of money and folded. Its future is in doubt; it may revert to amateur status, or the Guthrie may take it over.

Another local company, the Firehouse Theatre, is, so far as I know, the only genuine *avant-garde* house between New York and the West Coast. It is a Midwestern outpost of the network of New York cafés, workshops and church groups that is known as off-off-Broadway. Its artistic director, Sydney Schubert Walter, came from the Open Theatre in New York, and many of its authors—Megan Terry, Jean-Claude van Itallie, Sam Shepard—are prominent on the off-off-Broadway scene. The Firehouse opened with Jack Gelber's *The Connection* two months after the Guthrie opened with *Hamlet.* It was an amateur group until last fall, when it began paying very small salaries to six actors who earn their keep by doing administrative and menial jobs around the theatre; paid actors and volunteers work together in the workshop and in the public productions.

Its leaders hope that the Firehouse will some day become an Equity company, but they are up against a problem: neither the stimulation of the Guthrie nor anything else has made the people of the Twin Cities eager to see *avant-garde* theatre. (This problem is not, of course, unique to the Twin Cities.) The Firehouse budget is only $45,000, but even so it faces an ominous deficit. Its theatre seats 148; only three or four performances are given each week; yet attendance is far from good. Five out of eight productions this past season were new plays, but the plays that drew best were older works by the familiar classic *avant-gardists*: de Ghelderode, Beckett and Ionesco.

Fortunately for the Firehouse, the Guthrie has shown no disposition to compete with it in the presentation of *avant-garde* classics. A few workshop productions of new plays have been done at the Guthrie for limited audiences, but the management has been conservative in its choice of plays for public performance. Every season there has been a play by

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Shakespeare, and always a well-known one; the other Guthrie authors to date have been Molière, Chekhov (two plays), Miller, Shaw, Williams, Ben Jonson, Congreve, Brecht, Wilder and Strindberg; O'Neill and a second Shaw play will be added in September.

The Guthrie is a large house, and the safest way to fill it is to give the people plays, or playwrights at least, that they have heard of before. I see nothing reprehensible in this (though the management has been attacked for it); most of these playwrights may be well known by name, but how many people in the upper Midwest have ever seen their work? Even if the plays *were* familiar to the audience, would they not be worth seeing again? Furthermore, the Guthrie is not in the habit of mounting its productions in a state of reverent somnambulism, as often happens when a resident theatre is faced with an acknowledged classic. The management always makes a vigorous effort—often too much of an effort—to show that the play is theatrically viable.

This season at the Guthrie is the first under the artistic directorship of the Scottish actor-director Douglas Campbell, who has been with the theatre since its first season and who is Guthrie's chosen successor. Most of the acting is, as usual, admirable; the asymmetrical thrust stage, a peculiarly interesting playing area, is, again, being cleverly used. But my impression is that an excellent company is having an off-year.

Strindberg's *The Dance of Death* is a rarely done work by one of the seminal modern dramatists, and it is superbly acted, under Mr. Campbell's direction, by Nancy Wickwire and Robert Pastene. But it occurred to me nevertheless that the reason the play is so seldom done is that it is not really very good. The play is about a sick marriage; it appears to be the model for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* but it seems to me that Mr. Albee has greatly improved upon his predecessor. Strindberg's dialogue (at least in Norman Ginsbury's translation) is colorless in comparison to Albee's. Strindberg's main combatants are not so much fully rounded characters as they are mere vessels of hatred; Albee's characters hate too, but they hate in a richly individual fashion. Most important, Strindberg has his characters tell us about "love-hate" which "comes from the hell inside us," and demonstrates it with a lot of melodramatic plotting, whereas Albee shows us this love-hate with such subtlety and power that he has no need to editorialize.

As You Like It and *The Skin of Our Teeth* have been produced at the Guthrie with plenty of lively and entertaining theatre magic, but the productions tend to obscure the plays. In both cases the director seems to have had insufficient faith in his material—a common, and crippling, affliction among American directors.

What Campbell can do with a brass band, a crowd of merrymakers at a convention, or a procession of animals on their way to the ark is a pleasure to behold, but the emotional impact of Wilder's play is diffused by all the goings-on. As Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus, Wilder's eternal Adam and Eve, Lee Richardson and Ruth Nelson spend the first act cavorting heavily, like old-fashioned vaudeville comics. They never entirely recover the dignity thus forfeited—dignity that they need if the play is to make its point. The best work of the evening is done by Nancy Wickwire as Sabina, the comic maid, voice of the Philistines, and eternal home wrecker. (When you have seen Miss Wickwire in *The Dance of Death* at a matinee, giving a formidable performance in the authentic grand manner, and seen her that same evening as Wilder's bird-brained bit of fluff, then you know what versatility is.)

Edward Payson Call, associate artistic director at the Guthrie, has directed *As You Like It* very cleverly; there are many moments when words and action are most effectively counterpointed. His Rosalind, Ellen Geer, is a bit strident, but Len Cariou is an excellent Orlando: blunt, rustic, high-spirited, good-natured, with an odd capacity for dominating the stage without apparent effort. Ed Flanders as Touchstone substitutes wry detachment for pranks and gambols, and makes even his most trivial quibbles entertaining.

This might have been a very pleasant production if only Mr. Call had known when to stop, but many of his bright ideas are annoying distractions. He has set the play in the American South around the time of the Civil War, an innovation with absolutely nothing to recommend it, unless you subscribe to the theory that poor old Shakespeare has written another bomb and needs all the help a director can provide.

Under Mr. Call's scheme, the melancholy Jaques, whom Shakespeare designed as a bit of a poseur but nevertheless a keen-witted commentator, becomes a cross between Robert E. Lee and Don Quixote, his keenness lost in clouds of fake pathos. Mr. Call needs fake pathos because he does not know where in the play the real pathos is. There is a delicately poignant moment in the script when a time-serving courtier, experiencing a moment of wistful decency, says to Orlando, who is out of favor: "Sir, fare you well. Hereafter, in a better world than this, I shall desire more love and knowledge of you." Mr. Call gets an easy laugh, and obscures the point, by having the courtier played as a screaming fag. (The relation of screaming faggotry to the Civil War is another one of the production's unanswered questions.)

The Guthrie Theatre is, very likely, the best resident professional theatre in the country. Its production of *The Cherry Orchard* in 1965 was as good as any American resident-theatre production I have ever seen, and as good as any Chekhov production I have ever seen anywhere. While most resident theatres are handicapped by poverty and inexperience, the Guthrie is rich in material and human resources of all kinds. It has plenty of money, an excellent building and a superb company of actors. But unless its talented directors confine their attentions to plays they like and understand, it may be in serious danger.

(This is Mr. Novick's concluding article on the American National Theatre, based on a Ford Foundation Grant study.)

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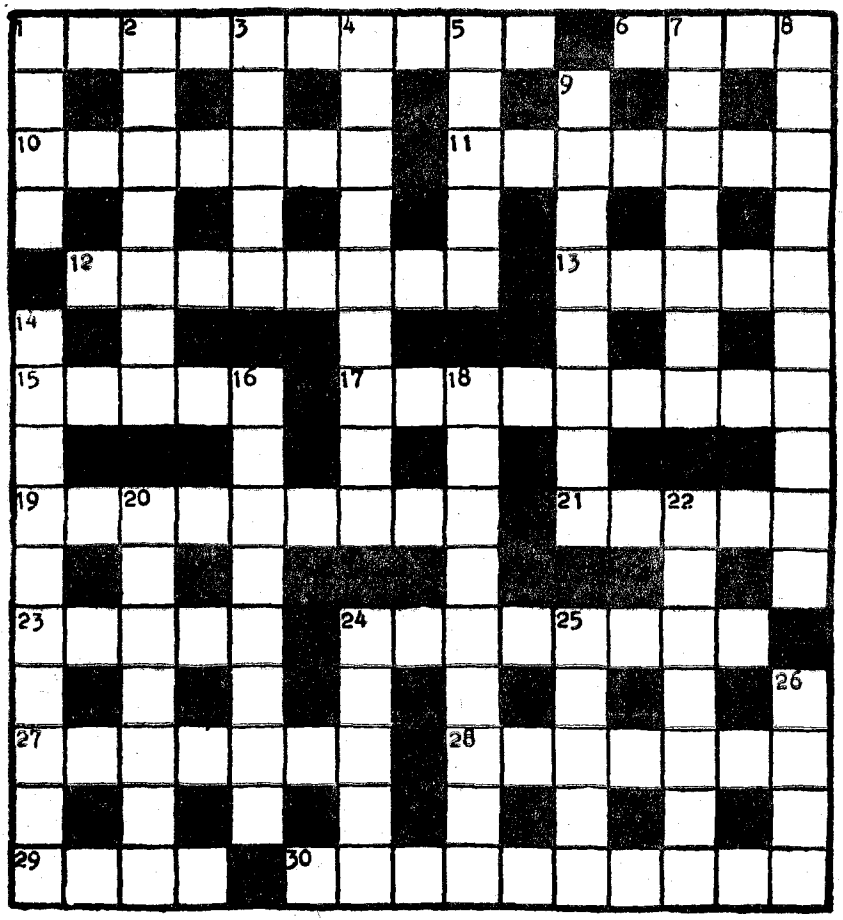

ACROSS:

1 Implying a saint is able to obtain order, at any rate (10)
6 See 3 down
10 Rear up to maturity, despite altogether violent behavior. (7)
11 Out loud? Insinuate quite the opposite! (7)
12 When to use emergency measures during arrest? (2, 1, 5)
13 Duck. (5)
15 Socked, perhaps, as some demonstrators have been. (5)
17 Obscure case, but of different possibilities. (9)
19 Reputedly never missed, except in a dry run. (4, 5)
21 Lower order of wheel which might initiate a forward movement. (5)
23 Hero of the city circle? (5)
24 Away from the craft center, but a door might lead to it. (8)
27 Property is transferred to one. (7)
28 Certainly not new merchandise brands for the conservative. (3-4)
29 Victor, perhaps, to embrace nothing else? (4)
30 General type of manufacturer in the transportation business. (10)

DOWN:

1 Is one liable to be struck with such a word? (4)
2 As a matter of course, finally, a careless nod belongs in an act of charity. (7)
3 and 6 across In the first place, chew on some particles of it. (9)
4 It has a tough job supporting the rudder. (9)
5 Is the religious group famished and unfed? (5)
7 An island? Look in a war map to find it! (7)
8 All are lost in the shuffle, with an Italian dance. (10)
9 He might find his work taxing. (8)
14 How's the bar doing? (Not for the dry type.) (6, 4)
16 Married up north, for example. (A deposit may be made at it.) (3, 5)
18 Junior, perhaps, fractures the front ribs. (5-4)
20 Halt! There's a small devil fish around! (7)
22 This, of course, is 1 down. (7)
24 Twisting a rope on the stage. (5)
25 Distinguished as a kind disposition? Capital type! (5)
26 A proclivity for being crooked? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1164

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